THE LIVING AGE

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for March, 1933

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THE GUIDE POST

OUR first three articles were chosen for the purpose of indicating some of the outstanding problems that the Roosevelt Administration must face abroad. Colin Ross, the most peripatetic of journalists, has some sweeping things to say about world developments. Although the moment of conflict between East and West seems to have arrived, he believes that some kind of religious revival in one part of the world or another will prevent it, just as Christianity prevented the Roman Empire from going to war with the Chinese.

BUT on the chance that a new spiritual dawn will not break, we are printing two articles on the tension in the Far East. 'Japonicus,' an exceptionally well-informed French journalist, quotes from a widely publicized discussion in which several leading Japanese statesmen participated, arguing that Soviet Russia and Japan should stand together. The best opinion seems to be that nothing of the sort will happen, but if the United States does not recognize Russia and if the Stimson Doctrine is continued under the new Administration, especially with England's support, which would probably be granted in the event of a satisfactory debt settlement, then Russia would have nowhere else to turn. Also, it is possible that the present imperial régime in Japan will be supplanted by an army dictatorship, which might be more inclined to collaborate with Moscow than the present rulers of the country are.

AN anonymous contributor to the *New Statesman and Nation* has some fun with the League's shilly-shallying with Japan and describes what would happen in a similar case if the Eskimos—playing the part of the Japanese—were to attack the Swedes, who would correspond to the Chinese. Perhaps the humorous parable is not prophecy in the strict sense of the word, but it has a moral for the New Dealers.

LENIN once prophesied that Spain would be the next country to go the way of Russia, and recent events indicate that the revolutionary Syndicalists, Anarchists, and Communists are causing the Republic more trouble than the counter-revolutionary Monarchists. Alfred Fabre-Luce, one of those clear-sighted French journalists who, when they are any good at all, are the best reporters in the world, describes the conflict that has been going on and gives the Republic his vote of confidence.

HEINRICH HAUSER gives the real reason for Hitler's rise to power by describing the condition of Germany's unemployed. Herr Hauser is the author of a recently translated book telling about his trip on a sailing vessel from Germany to Chile, part of which, as our readers may recall, appeared in THE LIVING AGE of October 1930. He is one of the younger generation of German writers and has lately been living among the homeless unemployed who crowd the municipal lodging houses of Berlin in winter and throng the highways in summer. His article, which is translated from *Die Tat*, a sort of parlor Fascist organ edited by intellectuals with Nazi sympathies, is, we believe, a little classic of our time, and not of Germany only.

LEON ARDZROONI, intimate friend and former colleague of the late Thorstein Veblen, is an American economist of Armenian antecedents who used to serve as a kind of emissary from Veblen to Howard Scott immediately after the War, when the group now known as Technocracy was being formed. He points out

(*Continued on page 93*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION will shortly be called upon to make several international decisions, any one of which may lead to war. First in respect to importance as well as time comes the settlement of the British war debt. Although the annual payments that the former Allied Powers made to the United States prior to the Hoover Moratorium amounted to less than seven per cent of the present federal budget, the fact that those powers acknowledged considerable obligations to America gave Washington an advantage that it might have used in various directions. But the Hoover Moratorium and the subsequent conversations of President Hoover with Laval enabled the French to maintain that America had linked cancellation of war debts with cancellation of reparations. Several members of the British Cabinet and the vast majority of the British public also believed that the results of the Lausanne Conference would have justified England in defaulting the December payment and negotiating a final settlement later. In any case, now that the December payment has been made, the British delegates at the forthcoming negotiations will not be disposed to do much more. In short, the United States has not only lost the bargaining power it possessed before the Hoover Moratorium was granted; it has gained almost nothing except universal ill will and an international crisis at a time of domestic crisis.

To illustrate the feeling that exists in England at the present time, we

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turn back to a leading editorial that appeared in the *Saturday Review* of London on December 3:—

> When we have paid, God help America—for no one else can or will lift a finger. The economic consequence of our payment is clear enough to all save those who demand it. It will drive us all further toward perdition, though sterling may be saved at the expense of the dollar. That is the price which they and we have to pay, as we have paid before, for the peculiarities of the American Constitution and the divorce of American reason and experience from the control of American affairs.
>
> There is another price. Do not let them ignore it or us minimize it. It is purely psychological and it may have a terrific force. Months and years ago this damned debt started the fever of resentment on both sides, and the temperature chart has shown a steady rise above the beds of the patients. The resentment was felt; then it was whispered; now it is expressed openly. There is scarcely a man or woman in England who does not bear in the inner heart a positive dislike of America and Americans in the lump.
>
> It is not a pretty thought, not a comfortable vision. But if we do not face it we shall be cowards, and if they refuse to believe in it they will be fools. It is the complete loss of the dream of so-called Anglo-Saxon leadership that was to save a stricken world. That dream might never have come true. But it kept on coming somewhere near the edge of truth and it was a dream to keep faith and courage alive. Now we must wake from it. So God help America. And God save His world!

Although the *Saturday Review* has correctly been described as 'a journal of insignificant circulation,' it does speak for the inner circle of the Conservative Party that is increasingly dominating British policy. Nor is this all. The chief reason why periodicals of wider circulation have not expressed similar sentiments is that a violent, anti-American newspaper campaign might easily cause a nation with three million unemployed to demand war.

IT IS ONLY because the arrival of a new Administration automatically causes us to look years instead of months ahead that we mention the possibility of Anglo-American conflict. But the outcome of the debt negotiations will go far toward determining whether the two most powerful nations in the world are to work together or at cross purposes. The Ottawa Conference, the refusal of Sir John Simon to support Stimson's policy in the Far East, and the mysterious wars and revolutions now going on in South America have revealed several dangerous points of friction between the English-speaking powers. Nor are domestic conditions in either country conducive to peace. By abandoning the gold standard and free trade, England did not check unemployment, and, if the present trend continues, currency inflation and trade restrictions will have to continue, too. The United States is not, of course, so dependent on the outer world as England is. But if England reduces her imports still further and at the same time increases her exports by

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letting the pound sink lower, American exports will decrease and British exports to America will rise. Recognition that an Anglo-American war would lead to a world collapse of capitalism can bring the debt negotiations and the World Economic Conference to successful conclusions.

THE SECOND WAR DANGER that the new Administration faces is more immediate. The League of Nations, which once gambled on a domestic collapse in Japan to check the Manchurian expansion, has now been encouraged by the criticism of the army in the Japanese Diet to demand through the Committee of Nineteen that Japan withdraw recognition from Manchukuo. Because the Japanese have talked and acted like spoiled children since September 1931, many foreigners have made the fatal mistake of treating them as such. The League and the United States have held up Japan as an example of moral turpitude to all mankind, although the Western powers have acted just as badly in the past. The fact is that the Japanese are their own worst enemies and criticism from abroad will only confirm them in their folly. Here, for instance, is a typical outburst issued last fall by General Araki, Minister of War:—

> The countries of Eastern Asia are objects of oppression by white people. This is an undeniable fact and Japan should no longer let the impertinence go unpunished. It is the duty of Japan to oppose every action by the Powers that is not in accord with *the spirit of the Empire*, which is *the embodiment of righteousness and justice*. Japan cannot close her eyes to any disturbance in any part of Eastern Asia, for dispeace [*sic*] cannot be permitted to exist side by side with *the fundamental spirit* of the Empire.

The phrases in italics are allusions to the celebrated rescript of the Emperor Meiji, which every Japanese child hears intoned on solemn, patriotic occasions.

IT TAKES TWO to make a fight and Japanese hostility to the United States, which is not going to be diminished by the attitude of the League, must have been encouraged by the following words of General Douglas MacArthur:—

> The tense situation in the Far East has emphasized again the untrustworthiness of treaties as complete safeguards of international peace. This view is supported by the appreciation of the potentialities in the Sino-Japanese conflict for a widespread disaster which gave rise to a feeling of apprehension among portions of our population as to the adequacy of our defense structure.

Hollington K. Tong, managing director of the Chinese-owned *China Press* of Shanghai, quoted General MacArthur's statement and Patrick Hurley's recommendation of a forty-per-cent increase in the regular American army as indications of increasing tension between the United

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States and Japan. He also revealed the following rumors that spread through Japan after General MacArthur's visit to Poland and Rumania last summer:—

> It was alleged that the American chief of staff was making a study of the possibility of the establishment of an American military and naval base on Kamchatka peninsula, which belongs to Russia. For a *de jure* recognition of the Soviet Union, as well as for the admission of Russian bonds on American exchanges and the authorization given to American banking institutions to discount Russian bills at normal rates, Soviet Russia was said to be prepared to consent to the establishment by the United States of a military base on Kamchatka, the most southern point of which is only seven miles from the Japanese Kurile Islands.
>
> During the stay of the American chief of staff in the Balkan and Baltic states, there was, according to news from Tokyo, a sort of Japanese quasi military mission in Poland apparently conducting some secret negotiations but actually engaged in watching the mysterious movements of General MacArthur. Japanese intrigues apparently centred in the accentuation of hostile sentiment between Poland and Russia, so that in the event of a Russian-Japanese war Japan would be able to seize Siberia without much difficulty, while in the event of a Japanese-American war Russia would be compelled to maintain sufficient troops in the West to guard herself against Poland and would not dare to move against Japan in Manchuria.
>
> The conclusion of a nonaggression pact between Russia and Poland and later of a similar pact between Russia and France appears to prove the failure of Japanese activities in that direction.

THE MENTION of American recognition of Russia brings up a third aspect of the war danger that faces the Roosevelt Administration. One of the arguments most frequently brought forward in behalf of resumption of Russo-American relations is that even the Japanese army would not dare to risk the opposition of such a powerful combination. And not only is it to the interest of Russia and the United States to preserve peace in the Orient and the national sovereignty of China, but the two countries have no important points of friction, both being almost self-sufficient economically. The same geographic factors that prevented Tsarist Russia from ever conflicting with the United States should prevent trouble from arising between the United States and the Soviet Union. But, just as the time has passed when America might have made a satisfactory settlement of the war debts, so the time has passed when relations with Russia might have been resumed to the maximum advantage of both countries. Since the Hawley-Smoot tariff was passed Russian imports from the United States have declined about ninety per cent in value and other countries have secured the Russian market by granting long-term credits. The present food shortage in Russia adds a further complication. No competent reporter has yet questioned the stability of the present régime, but the economic activity of the country

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declined last year and the future has never been so dark since the days of Lenin's New Economic Policy.

NIKOLAUS BASSECHES, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, provides, as usual, some important statistics. He quotes Stalin's last speech proclaiming that the Government received 11½ million tons of grain from the peasants in 1928 and 22½ million tons in 1932. But after pointing out that state collections of grain declined 25 per cent in 1932, Herr Basseches adds that in 1928 the total production of grain amounted to 75 million tons, whereas in 1931 it amounted to only 50 million tons and declined still further in the year 1932.

The decline of live stock is even greater because many peasants slaughtered their animals when they joined the state and collective farms. In 1927 there were 66 million head of cattle, 131 million sheep, and 22½ million pigs in Russia. By the end of 1933 it is estimated that the collectivized farms will have only 8.7 million head of cattle, 11 million sheep, and 4.7 million pigs. Herr Basseches estimates that at least half the live stock in Russia is in the hands of the collectivized farms and concludes that the falling off here is the most serious thing that has happened in recent years. And the industrial worker has suffered along with the peasant because prices have increased by 300 and 350 per cent while wages have risen only 67 per cent. The coming year will therefore be a crucial one and the Moscow correspondent of the *Week-end Review* sums up the situation as follows:—

> Drastic changes are expected during 1933. In preparation for them and to ensure that there shall be no opposition to them a party purge has been ordered. No new members are to be admitted to the Communist Party, and 1933 is to be devoted to a comb-out of existing members. Also, party members are now expected to take a course in agriculture as well as in Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin. As a contribution to the agricultural problem, this is at least more hopeful than sending them to extort grain from sulky peasants. The Soviet Government and the Communist Party have, indeed, learned to their cost and still more to the cost of the population in general the importance of agriculture even as compared with hydro-electric power stations and blast furnaces, and are likely to concentrate their attention during the next few months fairly intensively on the problems connected with it. Whether they will succeed in persuading the peasants to work again and in getting a tolerable harvest in the spring remains to be seen. If not, then the future is about as black as it could possibly be.

If the new Administration is to recognize Russia it must prepare itself for having information of this kind used to prove that the present Soviet régime is on the verge of collapse. We repeat that no dependable reports that we have seen from Moscow or elsewhere justify such a conclusion and we present the picture in just as dark colors as possible

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in order to illustrate how difficult it will be for Washington to take even the most obvious step toward consolidating world peace.

EXTREMES MEET. Professor Gustav Cassel of Sweden, the outstanding classical economist of our time, who believes that the world depression is due solely to monetary causes, is as outspoken as the exponents of Technocracy in announcing that world conditions are going from bad to worse. The difference between them is that Professor Cassel believes that the only solution is to raise the price level of raw materials and establish a sound, universal monetary system based on gold, whereas Technocracy argues that the present price system cannot function in such a highly mechanized area as the North American continent. Yet the following statement by Professor Cassel corresponds so closely to the analysis of Technocracy that it is almost like reading the same words in a mirror.

> Most production does not pay at the present price of raw materials. For years deflationists have preached that the way out of our difficulties must be sought in adjusting the whole economic system to a lower price level. The real significance of their demand was that wages and debt payments must be forced down as much as the price of raw materials. They have not succeeded. The efforts that have been made in this direction have merely caused commodity prices to sink still further, while the attainment of stability within the entire price system remains as remote as ever. The decline of wages has led to marked increase in social strife and attempts to cut down debt payments have logically produced no result except to destroy the last remnants of confidence. Has n't the world had enough of this deflation psychosis, which came into existence without any regard for the nature of money and which has clearly created the most extravagant misconceptions in the public mind?
>
> Everyone knows that many efforts have been made, generally with the aid of the state, to peg the prices of certain commodities by artificially limiting production or demand. Those of us who think in economic terms will always regard such forced valorization as insane, and the world has now seen how fatal all these efforts have been. If we want to prepare constructively for the World Economic Conference, here is the first and most important task: termination of deflation and a definitely fixed rise in the general price level. We must recognize above all else that we are dealing with a purely monetary problem, a problem that must be solved if we are ever to restore stabilized currencies in the world and thus lay the foundations for a sound world economic system.

HAVING PRINTED two exposés of the armaments racket in France and England last fall, we note with interest that the Union of Democratic Control in London, which was responsible for our first article, 'The Secret International,' now states that Great Britain is the biggest exporter of war materials. It has published figures provided by the Board of Trade showing that between August 1931 and April 1932 ammunition and arms valued at £204,144 have gone to Japan and

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£54,967's worth to China. Of course, England is not the only offender—in fact, England is the one country that makes public her activities in this sphere. France and Germany—not to mention the United States—have been shipping war supplies to the Far East, and, when some French agents in China accused the Chinese minister in Berlin of placing all orders for armaments with German firms, they were informed that a German representative in China was filling orders for both French and German firms to the satisfaction of all. Nor are the munition makers idle in Europe. The largest daily paper in Rumania, *Universul*, has lately been purchased by the French metallurgical trust of Schneider-Creusot.

THE REASON why Paul-Boncour's cabinet lasted only about a month is not that the French voters failed to express their preference for radical policies rather than conservative ones. At the elections of last spring, the 'men of the left,' as they are called, won a substantial majority of seats in the Chamber of Deputies, but they are split into two groups that cannot work together. Léon Blum's Marxian Socialists refuse to share power with Herriot's Radical Socialists, though they support some of the Radical Socialist policies. Paul-Boncour fell when the Socialists voted down his budget because it failed to reduce military expenditures, and there is no guarantee that Daladier will not suffer the same fate. Indeed, the chances are that no stable government will be established in France until the Radical Socialists ally themselves with the conservative parties of the right. The budget must be balanced somehow and the Socialists show no disposition to coöperate. The history of 1926 is therefore likely to repeat itself and an emergency may ultimately arise that will compel Herriot to accommodate himself to Tardieu. The longer the Radical Socialists lay themselves out to attract the Socialists the further they will have to go in the other direction when the increasing financial crisis comes to a head.

THERE IS a certain poetic justice about Hitler's rise to power. Last summer sheer lack of character on the part of the Nazis gave Von Papen his opportunity to execute a *coup d'état* and set up a government that commanded almost no popular support. And Hitler now finds himself occupying the post of Chancellor because a series of misunderstandings convinced President von Hindenburg that Von Schleicher was planning to use the army to seize power. The leader of the largest political party in the country could not be kept out of office permanently and he has finally attained power by virtue of a fluke that was just as unexpected as his failure of seven months ago. What seems to have put the skids under Von Schleicher, whose declared ambition was to be chancellor for twenty years, was a Nazi election victory in the little agricultural

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community of Lippe. Faced with the loss of Gregor Strasser, Hitler evidently felt that his opportunity to withdraw his toleration of Von Schleicher had arrived, and he was rewarded with surprising success. Von Schleicher's policy had been to allow the Nazis to wear themselves out with internal dissensions, and it is still too early to say that he has entirely failed. Whatever the outcome of the March elections may be, masses of Hitlerites are not going to be satisfied by the policies that must follow. For many Nazis are extreme radicals and may make common cause with the Communists when their party assumes power and proceeds to obey the orders of the industrialists and bankers who have been financing it for years.

IF A NATION'S well-being can be measured in statistics, Germany's condition is not as serious as political conditions indicate. For the first time since official unemployment figures were issued, unemployment has not continued to increase at the rate of a million a year—in fact, there are now actually a few hundred thousand fewer people out of work than a year ago. Of the million men under twenty-five who have no jobs, 450,000 have enlisted in a new Voluntary Work Scheme. The budget deficit for 1932 was 800 million marks, as compared with 1,270 million the year before, and Finance Minister Count Schwerin von Krosigk has pointed out that Germany's financial position is far stronger than that of France or the United States. Although steel and pig-iron production both declined in 1932, the output of both products for the last three months of the year was higher than for the corresponding period in 1931. Dr. Luther, President of the Reichsbank, has pointed out that Germany has repaid 7,000 million marks of her foreign indebtedness since 1930 and states that the crisis has passed. But it remains to be seen whether the people are as well off as the statistics would seem to indicate.

THE DISCOVERY that arms were being transported from Italy to Hungary by way of Austria confirms Wickham Steed's theory quoted in these columns two months ago and indorsed by William Martin of the *Journal de Genève* last month that Italy is promoting a Fascist international in the Balkans. Certainly the Little Entente is worried. King Alexander of Yugoslavia has been visiting King Carol of Rumania, and their two countries, together with Czechoslovakia, want to appeal to the League of Nations. But first England and France are expected to make inquiries concerning the arms-smuggling at Rome, Vienna, and Budapest. How far the trouble is likely to go depends on the relations between France and Italy. For Italy's intrigues in the Balkans are aimed at France, which controls the Little Entente and Poland, whereas Italy

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has drawn Hungary, Albania, and Bulgaria into its sphere of influence. Austria is financially beholden to France but its interests lie with the states that demand revision of the peace treaties. The disturbances in the Balkans are therefore at once more and less important than they seem. They are more important in that they spring from the unsatisfactory peace settlements of 1919, which a majority of the inhabitants of Central and Eastern Europe now probably oppose. But if Italy and France are able to come to some agreement between themselves—and the appointment of Henry de Jouvenel as French ambassador to Italy on a special mission for six months is a hopeful sign—the Balkan difficulties may become of local rather than European importance.

WHEN POLAND and France signed nonaggression treaties with Russia, the Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland suddenly lost most of their diplomatic importance. Ever since the War, Poland had been trying to draw all of Russia's neighbors from Finland to Rumania into a single anti-Soviet bloc, but the growth of nationalism in Germany has now made the Danzig corridor a more urgent problem than the threat of Communism. Furthermore, the efforts of Poland to form such a bloc never got anywhere. Finland held consistently aloof, Lithuania has never forgotten the seizure of Vilna by Polish troops, and Latvia preferred to take advantage of a highly favorable commercial treaty offered by Russia to break up the anti-Soviet front. This treaty, however, has not been renewed, for the Russians no longer need to grant any special favors to Latvia, and the Latvians have refused to allow Russian goods to enter the country free of duty or to legalize the Communist Party. The Franco-Russian nonaggression pact has also made the good will of the Baltic states less valuable to the Soviet Union, which has found the France of Herriot, Paul-Boncour, and Daladier more friendly than the France of Poincaré, Tardieu, and Laval. But, though the Baltic states may have lost some of their importance in the world of diplomacy, they stand to enjoy more security. The possibility now exists that their neutrality may be guaranteed in a treaty signed by Russia, Germany, Poland, France, and England.

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We signalize the advent of a new Administration by publishing one piece of general political prophecy and two articles on the Far Eastern situation.

The Road AHEAD

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. POLITICAL PROGNOSIS

By COLIN ROSS

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THESE are good days for soothsayers. Horoscopes and prophecies are being combined with the forecasts issued by institutes for analyzing the stock market. There is a kernel of truth in this apparently absurd combination. Mere intellect and pure reason have lost caste. Prophecies based on them and resting on actual facts alone have too often failed to materialize. Is it remarkable that alert people are turning to mysticism?

Every forecast, even the most scientific one, has a certain element of prophecy in it, but even prophecy assumes that the world exists and that the future is a given fact. If the future were not predetermined there would be no such thing as prophecy. But, on the other hand, every stock-market analysis and every evolutionary policy rest on the law of causality. They are compelled to remain tied to an insignificant foreground and to pass over and make mistakes in regard to the underlying facts of the world in the making which goes to make up the world that is. The inevitable consequence is error.

The evolutionary theory is not a very old hypothesis but is a necessary one. We could not abandon it entirely because all our natural science, technique, and industry—in fact, our whole life—rest on it. But we must gradually become familiar with the idea that the whole evolution of the world is merely an hypothesis that we erect, and that our godless, atheistic world is at bottom as eternal and unending, that is,

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as 'assumed' and 'existing,' as God Himself used to be. When we recognize this we know that every forecast, either political or economic, takes on a completely different aspect. We then stop trying to change the facts of world history, or our own personal destiny, by external means. We change them by changing our way of conceiving the world.

When Trajan set out on an expedition similar to that of Alexander, the troops of the Han emperor who was then ruling the Celestial Empire stood on the shores of the Caspian Sea. A conflict between the two empires seemed inevitable. It did not happen because world opinion, and consequently world history, changed simultaneously in the East and in the West. The doctrine of Christianity began to spread in the West and the teachings of Confucius in the East. These two religions or philosophies changed the face of the earth much more fundamentally than the legions of Hadrian or the banner of Shi Hwung-ti ever did.

The same situation exists to-day. We are about to undergo a change in our attitude toward the world and in our way of thinking about it. A political, economic forecast that ignores this and that reckons only on population statistics, national areas, military defense, naval units, exports, and imports is just as incomplete as the balance sheet of a firm that does not state that the proprietor is about to die and that his son and heir is either a good-for-nothing or a genius.

Every political prognosis for 1933 and after must start with the assumption that men have begun to think differently, to have a different conception of the world, and that this is true of people belonging to every race. If the color question is suddenly becoming acute, if India is proving impossible to rule, if China is ejecting Europeans and an uprising of blacks seems imminent in Africa, the explanation is not that the balance of power between the white and colored races has changed. On the contrary, the military supremacy of the whites over the colored races was never greater than it is to-day. A bombing plane equipped with gas bombs is far more superior to native troops armed with machine guns than the soldiers of Cortes were to the Aztecs. The reason why the white race does not annihilate the black and brown races—and I am not thinking of the attitude of a hundred and twenty million Americans toward ten million Filipinos—is because both the white and the dark races have new ideas.

The same thing is true of the economic crisis. The economic crisis is not so much the business of economists or even engineers as it is of philosophers, or rather—to avoid the misunderstood word 'philosopher'—of that element or that group of the elect which is responsible for the ideas of the world, for the attitude toward the world, and for the life forms of a people, a race, or a continent. But world philosophy cannot remain isolated to-day any more than economics or politics can. Isolation for any people or country is no longer possible. Frontiers cannot be hermetically sealed any more. Soviet Russia will be as much influenced by Central and Eastern Europe as we are by Soviet Russia, by its mere existence, regardless of all propaganda.

Hence all partial analyses are foredoomed to failure, just as partial prophecies are doomed to yield false results. No longer can a Robinson

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Crusoe live on his South Sea island untouched by the influence of world markets. This does not mean that local solutions will not be attempted and carried a certain distance. Autarchy is as fundamental as world economics. But autarchy is meaningless if it insists on denying that there is any such thing as world economics and if it does not reckon on that thing permanently.

II

In attempting a correct forecast of world politics, it is as fatal to remain firmly devoted to one theory as it is to remain devoted to one sphere of knowledge. By merely recognizing that a world economic system is the only just one under present circumstances one is not preventing independent national economic systems from continuing to develop in various countries, even the smallest ones. By recognizing that world peace is the only right thing one is not preventing war. One cannot undo a war, but one can limit its effects to a considerable extent by considering it irrelevant to domestic affairs. The Chinese have taken this attitude throughout their history, and thanks to it all foreign victories and conquests have ultimately been turned into defeats. Yet this is the result of an attitude toward the world. For by looking at the world in a certain way one is able to change it forthwith, which is something that a white man does not quickly understand.

But at least this much is generally understood—that the world crisis is a crisis of the theory of evolution. This is not its first crisis. Inherent in the theory of evolution is the idea that it must lead from crisis to crisis and that these crises can be removed only by opening up some new outlet. Such an outlet is either a development of new territory or a new invention that fundamentally changes the process of production.

To-day neither of these two opportunities exists. New territory is still available, even though the whole world has been discovered and divided. Immense tracts of new land exist in America, Africa, and Australia, as well as in Asia and even in Europe, but there are no people who want to live in the new territory. Emigrants who left their homes during previous crises could not come back. They had to make a living in the new country or go under. To-day they can return, since communication is so much simpler, quicker, and cheaper. But usually they do not migrate in the first place. Why don't the unemployed leave England with all the propaganda and assistance that is offered? Because the same process would repeat itself in the newly settled territory as soon as a great quantity of people had come there. Those who are demanding new territory most vociferously would be the first to desert it.

New territory offers no outlet, neither is there any epoch-making new invention. Most of the epochal discoveries have already been made, and if any more should come into existence the best that they could do would be to provide a brief breathing spell between crises. No underlying principles would be altered. The important thing is to give up the evolutionary theory. We are in the position of people who have gone on building and building at breakneck speed. Now we have to stop and try to accommodate ourselves comfortably to what we have

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built. But that is possible only if the structure is regarded as permanent, if the world is accepted as a fact and if a world in the making is now accepted as a world that is made. The work of the engineer is done. The bridges and factories are built. It is now the turn of those whom the Chinese call 'the men who have ideas,' the only constructive people of our time, the men with constructive thoughts. The world must be rebuilt, not mechanically but intellectually.

Hence all prognosis is comparatively simple, no matter how dark the world horizon may appear. We are now going through the danger zone between the old and the new idea, the contemporary evolutionary idea and the idea that arises from a determination to regard the world as an unchanging world entity. The only thing that one can do is not to allow any short circuit to occur during this period. Every institution, however incomplete it may be and however haltingly it may work, like the League of Nations and economic conferences, serves a good purpose. But all this is merely interim work. The important thing is the constructive erection of a new world structure. When we have this then the economic emergency takes on another aspect.

II. Japan Turns to Russia

By 'Japonicus'

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*, Paris Topical Weekly

A LOT has been written about the state of affairs between Japan and the U. S. S. R. Concerning this subject, however, one great mistake has generally been made. Because Japan is a strong state, because it relentlessly suppresses all Communist propaganda within its frontiers, and because it succeeds in bringing order wherever it seeks to establish it, people have been much inclined to regard Japanese foreign policy as being anti-Russian. The announcement that Japan and Russia were negotiating a nonaggression pact opened people's eyes. Then it was not true that the U. S. S. R. and Japan were sworn enemies? Then it was with the U. S. S. R. that Japan was establishing her most cordial relations? Then Japan, the U. S. S. R., and Manchukuo were on the verge of concluding a nonaggression treaty that was to be the final outcome of the *entente* policy that Tokyo and Moscow had followed since 1925?

It was chiefly to quiet public opinion in Japan, which would neither have understood nor tolerated an unfriendly gesture toward the U. S. S. R., that the Prime Minister, Admiral Viscount Saito, declared before Parliament on June 3 of this past year 'that the behavior of our army has clearly demonstrated how constantly we have shown respect for the legitimate rights and interests of the U. S. S. R. in Northern Manchuria, and what scrupulous care we have taken not to violate them.'

And so that this army, the actual mistress of the future of the Empire, and of public opinion, might have a true conception of the state of

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mind prevailing in Russia, Lieutenant Colonel Kasahara, Japanese military attaché in Moscow, on his return to Japan made the following resounding declarations: 'The attitude in Russian diplomatic circles is definitely favorable to Japan. The high officials of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs openly ask that relations between the two countries be closer. The real attitude of the U. S. S. R. toward Japan is far from being aggressive. The maintenance of five divisions in Eastern Siberia is a mere precautionary measure. In like manner, the industrial effort that the U. S. S. R. is now making is not designed to provoke Japan. The Russians are pro-Japanese.'

II

The Japanese ambassador in Moscow, for his part, frankly said: 'War with Russia is utterly impossible,' and he recommended that the nonaggression pact be concluded as quickly as possible. 'Italy and Turkey, which are fiercely anti-Communist, have concluded similar pacts, and since their conclusion no unpleasant Communist dispute has arisen. Yet in Italy Russian propaganda is suppressed with severity, with such severity, in fact, that when propagandists are caught they are shot on the spot.'

Generals Shioten, Takeuchi, Takata, and Ito, in the course of a political discussion to which they had been invited by the magazine, *Hi-No-De* (*The Rising Sun*), frankly expressed views that aptly reflect the average opinion in army circles. So important were these views that the ministries of War and Marine especially recommended people to read the reports of the public debates, which were widely advertised by the *Hi-No-De*.

Lieutenant General Shioten, a specialist on international military questions, said: 'As for me, I don't think the Russian question has any sharp significance. The U. S. S. R. is approaching the second phase of her project of economic reconstruction. It is not possible for her to send considerable forces to the Far East. She cannot afford to weaken her Occidental frontiers. That is why an Asiatic war would not be advantageous to her. Following her hereditary tactics, she might, however, try to create a mix-up between Japan and Manchukuo; she might also try to bring about a war between Japan and another power, and, once the situation seemed confused enough, she might join the dance. The U. S. S. R. sent a number of divisions and more than one hundred and fifty aëroplanes to the Far East to deceive the world about her real intentions. She wants the world to believe that she could intervene at any moment. Actually, however, the U. S. S. R. will not budge.'

Lieutenant General Takata, a specialist on Chinese questions, said: 'In my opinion the U. S. S. R. has two weak spots in her armor. On the one hand, the Five-Year Plan is not completed and, on the other, she suffers from great economic insecurity at home, which prevents her from participating in Far Eastern affairs. But the cherished ambition of the Slavic race may some day be realized in the form, let us say, of a Sino-Japanese war or a Japanese-American conflict. In either of these cases, the U. S. S. R. would participate. While keeping her eye on Northern Manchuria, Russia does not revel in the thought that she

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might possibly lose Vladivostok, another weak point in her armor.'

The editor of the *Hi-No-De* said: 'A well-informed German told me that if Japanese troops should cross the Siberian frontier and resolutely attack the Bolshevist forces the latter would soon receive orders to quit. It is even possible that the Moscow Government would consent to the formation of a buffer state. Given this attitude of timidity on the part of the U. S. S. R., the German in question said that we might do as we please and that we should be foolish not to. But will the U. S. S. R. really remain so passive?'

Lieutenant General Takata answered this question. 'If we go back and consider how slow Russia was at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war, we discover that this time she has not been slow to mobilize ten divisions. It seems that the U. S. S. R. has recently learned to look ahead. To-day she has less reason to fear that the districts of the Usuri and of Vladivostok will fall into the hands of potential enemies. Nor would that fear be unfounded if Russia ever went to war with us. For us access to these districts is easy and if our Imperial Army should occupy them it would be singularly disadvantageous to the U. S. S. R. If the U. S. S. R. were thinking of occupying Northern Manchuria, she would first reinforce the defenses of her rear guard, which is composed of the Siberian region bordering the Pacific.'

III

Major General Ito added: 'The Russo-Japanese War was fought for the possession of Manchuria. Since it is now in our hands we should be defeating our real interests if we picked a vain quarrel and antagonized the Slavic race, which has no thought of avenging itself on us.' The editor of the *Hi-No-De* said: 'When the Manchurian affair brought about a war between Japan and China, the United States adopted an extremely insolent attitude toward Japan. And Great Britain did the same thing, both with the League of Nations and independently. In consequence of this attitude of hostility, some of our friends in the Imperial Army had the idea of associating with the U. S. S. R. in the hope of overthrowing the two proud Anglo-Saxon powers.'

Major General Ito said: 'To walk hand in hand with the U. S. S. R. is the first article on my political programme. The second is to arrive at an *entente* with China with a view to establishing the reciprocal security of the two Asiatic powers. To march against the United States with unsheathed sword is my last. We should not relinquish the ties that bind us to the U. S. S. R. The prosperity of Manchuria and Korea and consequently of Japan depends upon them. If Russia should manifest a desire to extend her influence toward the Indian Ocean Japan should help her, if only in a tacit manner. We must not be slaves to our prejudices. We should wave aside the trivial foreboding of an attack that will never take place. Conditions in Russia have changed. The old incentive to extend her influence in the Far East no longer exists.'

The editor of the *Hi-No-De* says: 'It is wise for the U. S. S. R. to arrive at a general *entente* with Japan in order that peace in the Far East

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should have a durable basis. Does Russia attach great importance to this peace?'

Major General Ito answered: 'As much importance as Japan, whose interests are identical with those of the U. S. S. R.'

The U. S. S. R. is extending her railroads toward Tibet and the Indian frontiers. If she should some day express the desire to expand toward the Indian Ocean, will Japan lend only tacit aid? Are the English so sure of this? Is not Japanese capital already invested in certain Bolshevist undertakings that threaten England?

III. A Parable for Japan

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

MAY 1. Night attack on Stockholm by 500 large Eskimo bombers. Stockholm destroyed. M. Avenol summons Council of League.

May 3. Meeting of Council. M. Benes proposes vote of a million gold francs for relief of Stockholm refugees. (Markets shaken.) British Delegation approves in principle, but insists on reduction of sum to £5. Eskimo Delegation, on point of order, claims that Swedes have no right to attend the Council since Sweden, having no capital, is no longer a nation. On motion of Sir J. Simon the point referred to Committee of Jurists, and Council adjourned.

May 6. Paris press urges necessity of clear thinking. Since Sweden is no longer a nation there is no question before the League. Will not the League's precipitate generosity perhaps galvanize into life an embarrassing corpse?

May 8. *The Times* in a reassuring leader explains that, owing to difficulties of transfer, the whole £5 is to lie in the vaults of the Bank of England earmarked for use of Stockholm refugees. It is hoped by operation of Aliens Act none of them will be able to get at it. Relief in Paris and London.

May 9. Mass demonstration in Hyde Park against extravagance of League.

May 14. Jurists recommend that Swedish delegates, if still alive, should sit provisionally, while question referred to International Court. The rest of Sweden, factories, towns, etc., destroyed.

May 15. At the Council the Grand Eskimo makes formal complaint against Sweden. Impossible for Eskimos to live at peace with a neighboring country in which disorder reigns, the towns are in ruins, the sanitation shocking, the so-called inhabitants mostly dead, and the newspapers full of anti-Eskimo feeling. Eskimo intervention an absolute necessity. Sir J. Simon deprecates precipitate action; Commission appointed to inquire into facts. Council adjourned.

May 16—June 1. Renewed demonstrations in Hyde Park. Grand banquet of 1,000 persons in Albert Hall to protest against extravagance of League. Lord Cecil burnt in effigy.

June 7. *The Observer* denounces the 'disastrous precipitancy' of the Council. *Times* defends the League and observes that, after all, the Commission of Inquiry may never report, so that no harm will have been done.

June 8. Deputation of all religions

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to Prime Minister, who replies: 'Ah, my friends! If only I and my old friend, the Grand Eskimo, could smoke a quiet pipe together in the chimney corner!' (Markets recover.)

June 9. Commission reports: Eskimos have 'resorted to war' in breach of Covenant; have 'used force for the settlement of a dispute' contrary to Kellogg Pact; used poison gas contrary to Gas Convention.

June 10. Disappointment and indignation in Paris and London. *Observer* considers Commission's report 'maniacal.' *Times* proposes that report, while treated with all respect, should be taken as read and not discussed further.

II

June 11. Meeting of Council. M. Madariaga proposes Eskimos be expelled from League and subjected to economic blockade under Article XVI. Sir J. Simon urges circumspection. The Eskimo air force is extremely powerful. It cannot strictly be said that Eskimos have 'resorted to war' in breach of Covenant, since they have scrupulously refrained from declaring war. Neither have they 'used force for the settlement of a dispute' for it seems clear that there was no dispute at all between them and Sweden. It seems also inaccurate to say that they used 'poison gas,' since the gas they used was an ordinary industrial product, perfectly harmless to those who were provided with the proper masks. It was also most difficult to obtain first-hand information, since those Swedes who were present during the alleged bombardment are all dead. He proposed a resolution:—

The Council expresses sympathy with the relatives of the deceased and regrets that the improvidence of the Swedish Government in not supplying their subjects with gas masks has led to such unfortunate results.

The Grand Eskimo said he was most anxious for conciliation, but if any such one-sided resolution were passed the Eskimos would have to leave the League. The words 'sympathy,' 'regrets,' and 'unfortunate' were particularly painful to Eskimo feelings. He proposed:—

The Council censures the improvidence of the Swedish Government

but could make no further concession.

In a conciliatory speech M. Paul-Boncour observed that France was the soldier of humanity and marched, head erect, toward the ideal. (Applause.)

Danish delegate referred to order circulated through the Eskimo army: 'Copenhagen next,' and asked what exactly was meant.

Sir J. Simon said the phrase was evidently used in a purely geographical sense. An expert committee of geographers appointed to study and report.

The Grand Eskimo said he expected his resolution to be accepted unanimously. Unanimity at last attained by omitting from the resolution all words except 'The Council censures improvidence.'

June 12. Copenhagen destroyed by Eskimo bombers. Danes demand League intervention.

June 13. Sir J. Simon says events have shown the wisdom of a patient and conciliatory attitude. He points out that the Stockholm Commission has not yet sent in its final report; it would be obviously improper to form conclusions about the second incident until the first was settled.

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German delegate says Germany has always been a good friend to the Eskimos and expects support from them now. M. Paul-Boncour confines himself to the statement that France walks, head erect, toward the dawn. (Applause.) Council adjourns.

President Hoover telegraphs that Justice must be done. (Sensation.) President Roosevelt telegraphs that no action must be taken. (Alarm.)

June 14. *Daily Express* states that the poison gas used by the Eskimos is gravely suspected not to be of British make. (Excitement. Markets upset.)

June 15. H. M. G. addresses inquiry to Eskimo Government. Anti-Eskimo riots in London and Liverpool. Two South Americans and a valuable gorilla killed by mistake.

June 16. United States Senate, after bitter debate, decide unanimously (1) that action shall be taken and (2) that Justice shall not be done. The two Presidents explain that this is what they really meant.

Eskimo answer: The gas in question was supplied by the Europe-America Benevolent and Patriotic Steel Corporation, of which a well-known Englishman, Sir Bahnhofer Alonzo Djamsky, is president. Feeling somewhat quieted. Apologies sent to South America and the Zoo.

June 17. Mr. MacDonald and Grand Eskimo smoke a quiet pipe in the chimney corner. Markets recover. Grand Eskimo made Knight of the Garter.

June 18. Eskimos destroy Belfast. Bonfires throughout southern Ireland.

June 19. Sir J. Simon says no time is to be lost. As soon as ever the Stockholm Commission has sent in its final report, an event which may be almost certainly anticipated in the not remote future, a strong committee of inquiry should be instantly appointed. In the meantime he deprecates the attribution of blame to either side. Discussion of M. Madariaga's resolution continued. Grand Eskimo explains again that he has carefully avoided resort to war, and has never sought the solution of any dispute. He cannot understand why his nation is made the object of odious accusations. Sir J. Simon warmly welcomes this proof of the Eskimos' loyalty to the Covenant. M. Paul-Boncour affirms that France is the standard-bearer of Liberty and marches, head erect, toward some destination that was not clearly heard owing to the applause.

III

June 25. World protest of Europe-America Benevolent and Patriotic Steel Corporation against inequitable and oppressive action of Eskimos in making war with nothing but gas. The Corporation had gone to great trouble and expense to get these wars started, and had laid up armaments of all kinds in masses sufficient to supply all probable belligerents for several years. This dishonorable and inconsiderate use of the cheapest and quickest weapon threatened the Corporation with ruin. The Corporation, however, knew how to defend itself, as the Eskimos would discover. Iceland declares its complete independence from Denmark.

June 26. Nobel Peace Prize awarded to the Grand Eskimo.

June 27. Chancellor of Exchequer, speaking with emotion, said England had always a tie of sympathy with the Eskimos. He fully realized that the

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action they had taken was a necessity for national security, since it was extremely dangerous to have so many large bombs about, undischarged. But when it came to waging war—for war he must call it—without using the main products of our most patriotic manufacturers, he must warn the Grand Eskimo that there are limits! How could England live if her manufacturers had no market? As well have free trade at once!

Eskimos destroy Dublin. Bonfires throughout Ulster.

June 30. Sir J. Simon says that a policy of patience has produced excellent results so far, but there is such a thing as equity. He is much moved by the Chancellor's remarks. M. Paul-Boncour said (amid applause) that, on the point of law, he would only point out that France was the fatherland of the spirit, and took some action (not clearly audible) toward the morning star.

July 1. Secret meeting of Lord Craigavon and Mr. De Valera. Treaty concluded for joint action against Eskimos.

July 5. Mr. Garvin, in a balanced article, says the Grand Eskimo has rendered service to civilization, especially in saving the Council of the League from its demoniac enthusiasts.

July 6. Sir Alonzo Djamsky, with large escort of merchant ships, arrives in Iceland. Wild enthusiasm.

Mr. MacDonald says: 'Ah, my friends.' Markets rally.

July 9. Iceland declares war on Eskimos. Markets convulsed.

July 10. Emergency Council of League unanimously calls on Iceland to retire within her frontiers and pay war indemnity. Meantime sanctions of Article XVI to be applied in full rigor. Sir J. Simon says that in times like these the Covenant must be upheld at all costs. Iceland is a small nation and must not defy the League. M. Paul-Boncour in a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm was understood to express the same views as last time.

July 10–17. Icelandic force with 8,000 aëroplanes and all superfluous stores of the Europe-America B. & P. S. C. routs the Eskimos, destroys their air fleet, confiscates their walruses, captures the Grand Eskimo, and annexes the North Pole.

Nobel Peace Prize taken away from Grand Eskimo and awarded to Djamsky.

July 18. Council of League. Sir J. Simon says he had always insisted that a patient and conciliatory policy would have the best result, and events have proved him right. Sanctions of Article XVI withdrawn; Iceland made permanent member of Council. M. Paul-Boncour, concurring, explained that throughout this unspeakable tempest, as always throughout her history, France had . . . but the rest of his words were lost in the applause.

July 19. The rest of the year. Dispute between Northern Ireland and Irish Free State. International Court is asked to interpret the Treaty drawn up between Mr. De Valera and Lord Craigavon, particularly the phrases, 'the true religion' (which in the Treaty is made compulsory over all Ireland) and 'a proper and sensible relation to Great Britain' (which both parties have agreed to accept).

July 20. Sir Alonzo Djamsky and the Prime Minister smoke a quiet pipe in the chimney corner. Mr. MacDonald says: 'Ah, my friends!' Markets recover.

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A French journalist just back from Spain tells what the Republic has accomplished up to now and analyzes the struggle that is still under way there.

Spain *at the* Crossroads

By Alfred Fabre-Luce

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

Renan once said apropos of Saint Paul: 'There are men who change and do not transform themselves. There are men who transform themselves and do not change.' In Spain, since the Revolution, many things have transformed themselves without changing. A quadrille is being danced from prison to ministry. Alcalá Zamora is in power. Berenguer is in a cell. People are still being arrested on vague pretexts and acquittal does not always bring liberty. Installed in Primo's chair, Azaña governs with no less energy. The monarchist dictatorship fined Count Romanonès five thousand pesetas as a political opponent. The authoritarian republic took away his land. What's the difference? The *cacique* is not dead. In most cases he has simply become a republican. The administrative work that he used to monopolize in each community is now being done by the town clerk. His own rôle is being taken over by the heads of syndicates. They are the ones who now decide how people shall vote, who distribute jobs and live off the community. Even in rural districts strange shifts are occurring. The idle aristocrat is not only the enemy of the peasant—too often he is also the peasant's ideal.

How about the land? It is simply being sold and the money spent by individuals on themselves, at least this is what the most hardened cynics say. One evening I met a Socialist leader bravely apostrophizing some peasants who were seeking amusement in town: 'It is you who are the *señoritos* now. Look at yourselves in the mirror. Your clothes are too big for you. Go back to the village and take your wives with you.'

Catholicism seemed to me to have been affected both more and less than I had heard. The widely her-

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alded curtailment of state aid has caused rich members of the faithful to make generous donations. But that is a phenomenon of limited significance, perhaps only proving that all forms of reaction are tightening their defenses. Few men are seen in the churches, but statistics show that even twenty years ago hardly one Andalusian worker in a hundred went to church. What is more significant is that the number of women churchgoers has declined. Many used to go to mass for amusement that they now find elsewhere. There are popular cafés, there are even women's political clubs, and, above all, there is promenading, for which going to church is still an excuse for some.

'Look at them,' said a Spanish friend of mine, showing me some devout young ladies in front of the Alcázar. 'Thanks to the mantillas on their heads and the missals under their arms they have an honorable excuse for going and coming. But do they even enter the cathedral? Perhaps, for five minutes.'

Yet there is nothing so revolutionary about all these coquettes showing an interest in lay affairs. The Spaniards who have revealed their atheism since the Revolution were always unbelievers. Now we know how many there were of them, but the publicity they are getting is the only novelty. When the front of a building collapses one is often surprised to discover how much that it concealed had secretly fallen away. On the other hand, one must recognize the persistence of certain Catholic traditions in every class of society. The same workers who demand the annihilation of capitalists are afraid to deceive their wives or not have children. The women talk. They go to the polls, but they do not dare dream of free love or moral equality.

In Spain the Revolution has not created a certain human type that usually appears in bourgeois republics —the girl friend. This ardent race remains faithful to marriage or to the pleasures of country life. Hence there remains a zone of sensibility that is not utilized in private life and is therefore available for all kinds of fanaticism. This fanaticism is more likely to be political than religious, though the distinction between heaven and earth was never very clear in Spain.

The signs of real change must be sought in smaller things. The village gossips are beginning to talk about Malthusian books and are saying, 'It seems that in Russia . . .' Here are the first indications of an idea that is revolutionary to the Spaniard —that man can perhaps patiently organize his destiny. New classes are emerging and covering themselves with political distinction. The skilled worker, the member of the Socialist trade union, is opposing the manœuvres of Communists and anarchists. This division is somewhat similar to that between Republicans and Democrats in the United States and between Communists and non-party-members in Russia. Thus Spain is perhaps becoming a little more like other modern countries.

II

When I attempt to place the Spanish Revolution in the social evolution of Europe as a whole, it seems to me like the French Revolution in some respects and like the Russian in others. Let me try to explain this

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paradox. In their attitude of equality, the Spanish Republicans are much more advanced than our own but they are still demanding things that we achieved long ago. They are seeking a revolutionary way out of a feudal situation that has existed too recently to have entirely disappeared. We are seeking a conservative way out of a revolutionary situation that has existed too long to appear revolutionary. Thus our Spanish friends are behind us in some respects and ahead of us in others.

There are two schools in Spain. One says: 'Since we want to wipe the slate clean let us establish contemporary taste, if possible the taste of to-morrow. Let us summon Le Corbusier and build a big collective structure.' Others reply: 'Societies must go through every stage of their natural evolution. Our people will be ripe for socialism when they have been educated by liberal democracy.' But in Spain a Marxist party is the chief bulwark of democracy, and this reply certainly lacks great conviction. It reminds one of the attitude of the materialist who wanted his children to learn the catechism because he considered it a branch of the humanities.

Nevertheless the controversy has practical, immediate import. The Spanish Revolution did not begin, like the Russian Revolution, with a socialization of industry and a division of farm land. It tried to divide the forces of the hostile capitalists in an opposite fashion. It never set up working-class control, though this is part of the programme of the most powerful majority party. Because of this omission it hoped to be able to finance the socialization of the land with the aid of urban capitalists. Unquestionably the anarchy that exists in several Spanish provinces disturbs all interests equally, and the idea of playing off one group against another seems chimerical to-day. But it is none the less true that such a tendency exists in government circles.

Agrarian reform, which has been voted for in principle, must define its conceptions. Not being faced, as the Bolshevist Government was at the end of the civil war, with a class of small landowners who have just been established and are attached to the soil, it can choose between dividing the land or moving directly to socialist exploitation. For the moment the law allows for both solutions with an apparent inclination toward the latter, because preference is to be given to associations of farm workers.

The difficulty is to know whether the peasant really wants property or high wages. Formerly, the problem was never raised. Socialism expressed a vague movement of the poor against the rich. The poor wanted to dispossess the rich of their land without taking too much trouble to inquire what they would do with it. Individual appropriation was the only positive solution that they could easily imagine. And this solution has always had its advocates and found its justification in the spirit of the time. In the fourteenth century it was said: 'Adam having died without leaving a will, the land should be divided equally among his sons.' Hunger for land was the lever with which agitators were able to make political revolutions in a Spain that was indifferent to its form of government.

However, the Spanish peasantry never forgot the curious experience

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of 1860. At that time widespread nationalization of church property occurred and a certain number of communities divided the confiscated property among their inhabitants. Lacking equipment or fearing the future, almost all of them sold their property at absurd prices and thus created a class of *nouveaux riches* who trafficked in land. After a while the farm workers found themselves poorer than ever and demanded repartition, but how could the same causes be prevented from producing the same effects unless the system were changed? Renouncing their efforts to adapt property to equality, the most alert elements advocated communism.

Since the Republic new events have occurred. The proprietors have spontaneously divided their land among the men who worked on it without, of course, giving them credit or equipment, the idea being to show them that mere ownership of property is not enough to raise the standard of living. At the same time the Republic has improved the situation of the peasants by establishing a minimum wage, which is certainly not observed everywhere but which has been effective enough in Seville, I was told, for the purchases of poor people gradually to have replaced the declining purchases of the impoverished rich or of exporters of capital. At the same time, in certain provinces unemployment has been eliminated by the very simple process of dividing the number of unemployed by the number of employers and begging the latter to hire their quota. The result is that many proprietors have had to meet excessive expenses. The more fortunate have drawn on their reserves, but the smaller ones, whose numbers it was hoped would multiply, were ruined in a few months. To-day some of them want to be delivered from their rights and be regarded as disinherited, since the disinherited seem to enjoy privileges with the state.

III

Some phenomena seem surprising, but since the War has n't the love of property been cruelly punished in every country? In Russia the Bolsheviks, being obliged to hand the land over to the peasants, took away the profits of the peasants by inflating industrial prices and depressing farm prices. Even in France the peasant, who in 1928 was buying up land by borrowing large sums of money that the crisis was destined to revalorize, finds that his chief preoccupation is not tilling the soil but keeping up prices by coöperative activity or state aid. And how about the United States, where the right to farm property is a travesty since, by the simple process of expropriation, this right has passed over into the hands of the banks and insurance companies?

In spite of all these experiences, the farmer has remained stubbornly anti-collectivist almost everywhere and after a few varied reactions will probably act the same way in Spain. A single anecdote is sufficient to prove this. Recently in a village a meeting of peasants decided to purchase a piece of land collectively. Three delegates were chosen to serve as ambassadors. They came back somewhat abashed; they had bought the land for themselves.

Solicited by conflicting groups, the Government vacillates. Under its influence the syndicate of farmers de-

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mands legal division of property rights. All tools, buildings, and improvements are to belong to the farmers permanently and can even be passed on by inheritance unless they are badly managed or unless the terms of the lease are violated. Landed property will remain in the possession of the proprietor, who will be entitled to receive only a very small fixed rental. It is, in short, the agricultural part of that transformation of shares into obligations that Caillaux has always believed since 1913 to be the only practical method of realizing socialism.

The trouble is that it is difficult to stop socialism halfway. The history of the agrarian law shows that already. The Government at first announced that it would expropriate private property without indemnification. But the precise observation of this principle would have made necessary a very heavy financial operation that would have ultimately caused inflation. What happened was that the larger expropriated estates were given a lower valuation per acre and the largest of all, 'since their origin was irregular,' were purely and simply confiscated. The latter decision was arrived at after the uprising of General Sanjurjo, who thus did his friends a poor service. But it was a lucky pretext for the Government and saved them grave embarrassment. Political confiscation opened the way for a larger operation of a social character.

In the towns that I visited economic life does not follow either the capitalist or the socialist system. 'I should prefer Bolshevism,' an employer told me. 'At least it's a form of order.' But he had never known it from experience. In a country where everything is vague it is almost impossible to distinguish between social privilege and fair profit. The employers protest every measure, some because they do not like the Republic, others because they really believe that an artificial economy is being created and that credit is being destroyed. How much good faith have they got? When in doubt one operates by guesswork. One tries to see how far one can go. One resigns one's self to ruining a few unfortunate people in order to force others who are able to do so to finance the unemployed and take them off the Government's hands. No law can force the recalcitrant, but those who don't do their social duty know that some day they will be attacked as enemies of the Government. This threat is already evident in Spain and perhaps it will some day spread all over Europe. Is n't it in Italy, in the country where the hopes of the capitalists are focused, that Mussolini said to a delegation of industrialists: 'If you close your factories I open my prisons?'

That audacious type, the entrepreneur, is becoming resigned. As long as he is respected officially and as long as he fears that worse might happen, he gives way. Unquestionably capital is migrating, concealed in the clothes of Spanish grandees and in bull cages, but it is coming back, part of it anyway, because those who are guarding certain interests in the country must keep a large sum of money on hand to pay their numerous obligations. Thanks to these adaptations the men in power think they can get along comfortably for a while, living off the wealth they have

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acquired and organizing the future before it is exhausted.

For the moment, Azaña certainly wants to close the door to revolution, having granted many new privileges that he wishes to sustain by a conservative policy. The monarchists will not be able to prevent him. Nobody idealizes the absent king; only a long period of disaster could make his reign seem like a golden age. 'The peril of the right is on the left,' a Socialist leader said to me briefly.

The best Republicans are less afraid of being defeated in open combat than of being outflanked. Many of them desire as the lesser evil a government whose political manner would be advanced, that would be supported by the majority of the left, and that would be directed even in theory against the conservative elements, but which, sheltered by these three coverings, would still be able to 'reassure the interests.' Others believe that the existence of an extremist movement is a favorable factor that will gradually rally all the moderate elements to Azaña's Republic.

IV

It would be vain to try to predict whether the apostles of order will hold the control which to-day is escaping them. The visible signs indicate a shift to the left. Anarchist syndicates are developing at the expense of the socialist General Union of Workers. There is an increasing difference between the General Union of Workers and its parliamentary representatives, between the Socialist Party and its ministers, and between its ministers and the rest of the Government. The curious thing is that the régime has had to seek the support of the army, which seems its natural enemy. Having seriously purged the army, Azaña wants to raise it above political factions and inspire it with a national idea, for that would be the surest way of making it a desirable instrument. In his speech at Santander he affirmed that Spain could not remain neutral in case of war and that it perhaps might not suit Spain to do so. But here he is running his head against a devotion to nonresistance that seems to me very widespread in Spain. 'If a European war occurs, will the Balearic Islands be taken away from us? Well, let them go.' I have heard these sentiments expressed in very different circles. People also say: 'Since we cannot be the foremost military power on the Continent let's not play that card.' Even *El Socialista* remarks: 'Look at France. She is much more heavily armed than Spain but just because of that is much more menaced and uneasy.' One arrives at one's own conclusion.

In any event, great changes are on the way that will modify the spirit and aspects of the country, either with or without disorder. This autumn, crossing Andalusia, I would sometimes go twelve miles without passing through a single village. But from time to time I would see groups of people in a field. They were peasants who had come from a distance and were camping there for several days. If they become landowners they will have to build villages along the road. This is only one instance among many. However, even as new events call new visions to one's mind, one is also led back to the oldest traditions of Spanish history. Agrarian reform, political and social transformation,

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but at the same time a new solicitude for the soil—these things will perhaps appear to an historian of the future as a continuation of that great irrigation work which the Moors undertook ten centuries ago and which the victory of the Catholics interrupted.

Spain astounds us to-day, but perhaps it is merely cutting the last ties with its foreign monarchs in order to renew its ties with an earlier tradition. The anarchist dream is like a new India and perhaps much more blood will be spilt and perhaps much more effort will be expended than should be necessary to extract the dormant richness from the Spanish soil. This is the task with which the Republican leaders are trying to identify their names. They are trying to create a new land in our completed world. They are showing to their people that the Spain of the future is the most beautiful of conquests. But will they be able to pursue this work with the perseverant enthusiasm that made the great discoveries of the Renaissance possible?

Once again a religious problem arises. Théophile Gautier, admiring the superimposed architectural constructions of Romans, Moors, and Catholics in the Córdoba cathedral, wrote: 'Perhaps the old mosque of Abd-ar-Rahman will remain long enough to see a fourth belief installed in the shade of its arches, to celebrate with other forms and other chants the new god, or rather the new prophet, since God never changes.' But what will this new cult be? Perhaps we get a foretaste of it in the amazed letter that Escovedo addressed from Flanders to Philip II. 'These men,' he said, 'have no other Madonna than their work.'

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This detailed account of a night in a Berlin municipal lodging house shows what the two words, 'world crisis,' have come to mean to millions of Germans.

With Germany's Unemployed

By HEINRICH HAUSER

Translated from *Die Tat*
Jena National Socialist Monthly

AN ALMOST unbroken chain of homeless men extends the whole length of the great Hamburg–Berlin highway.

There are so many of them moving in both directions, impelled by the wind or making their way against it, that they could shout a message from Hamburg to Berlin by word of mouth.

It is the same scene for the entire two hundred miles, and the same scene repeats itself between Hamburg and Bremen, between Bremen and Kassel, between Kassel and Würzburg, between Würzburg and Munich. All the highways in Germany over which I traveled this year presented the same aspect.

The only people who shouted and waved at me and ran along beside my automobile hoping for a ride during their journey were the newcomers, the youngsters. They were recognizable at once. They still had shoes on their feet and carried knapsacks, like the *Wandervögel*. Often a girl would wave and then I would look at the side of the road and would usually see some young men making their way through the underbrush. It was a clever piece of strategy. They had sent the girl out as a decoy, and if she succeeded in stopping the automobile then the young men would rush out and get into it, too.

But most of the hikers paid no attention to me. They walked separately or in small groups, with their eyes on the ground. And they had the queer, stumbling gait of barefooted people, for their shoes were slung over their shoulders. Some of them were guild members,—carpenters with embroidered wallets, knee breeches, and broad felt hats; milkmen with striped red shirts, and bricklayers with tall black hats,—but they were in a minority. Far more numerous were

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those whom one could assign to no special profession or craft—unskilled young people, for the most part, who had been unable to find a place for themselves in any city or town in Germany, and who had never had a job and never expected to have one. There was something else that had never been seen before—whole families that had piled all their goods into baby carriages and wheelbarrows that they were pushing along as they plodded forward in dumb despair. It was a whole nation on the march.

I saw them—and this was the strongest impression that the year 1932 left with me—I saw them, gathered into groups of fifty or a hundred men, attacking fields of potatoes. I saw them digging up the potatoes and throwing them into sacks while the farmer who owned the field watched them in despair and the local policeman looked on gloomily from the distance. I saw them staggering toward the lights of the city as night fell, with their sacks on their backs. What did it remind me of? Of the War, of the worst periods of starvation in 1917 and 1918, but even then people paid for the potatoes.

I looked through the newspapers, I looked through the magazines, and found them crammed with political articles, sporting news, gossip, essays, *belles lettres*, and accounts of suicides in small type, but I did not find any of the things I had seen. Virtually nothing. And I saw that it was the War all over again and that we had a front and an area behind the lines and that the people behind the lines knew nothing about life on the front and did not want to know anything about it.

I saw that the individual can know what is happening only by personal experience. I know what it is to be a tramp. I know what cold and hunger are. I know what it is to spend the night outdoors or behind the thin walls of a shack through which the wind whistles. I have slept in holes such as hunters hide in, in hayricks, under bridges, against the warm walls of boiler houses, under cattle shelters in pastures, on a heap of fir-tree boughs in the forest. But there are two things that I have only recently experienced—begging and spending the night in a municipal lodging house.

II

I entered the huge Berlin municipal lodging house in a northern quarter of the city. Initiates call it 'The Palms,' a strangely romantic name suggestive of southern landscapes and soft skies. But the sky was not mild and the landscape was not southern when I made my way to this lodging house from the Alexanderplatz. Frost was in the air and a cold rain was falling. The lights of automobiles and electric cars shimmered against the wet pavement. Everyone was trying to get home as quickly as possible. The sky seemed to be resting heavily on the huge brick chimneys of the gas works and fog was drifting through the iron gratings. Dreary barracks extended to the edge of the sidewalk and under their dripping roofs long lines of men were leaning against the wooden walls, waiting in silence and staring at a brick structure across the street.

This wall was the side of the lodging house and it seemed to blot out the entire sky. Pale yellow light shone out of a few windows. Gradually men walked out from under the walls of

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the barracks and crossed the street. I followed them. There was an entrance arched by a brick vaulting, and a watchman sat in a little wooden sentry box. His white coat made him look like a doctor. We stood waiting in the corridor. Heavy steam rose from the men's clothes. Some of them sat down on the floor, pulled off their shoes, and unwound the rags that were bound around their feet. More people were constantly pouring in the door, and we stood closely packed together. Then another door opened. The crowd pushed forward, and people began forcing their way almost eagerly through this door, for it was warm in there. Without knowing it I had already caught the rhythm of the municipal lodging house. It means waiting, waiting, standing around, and then suddenly jumping up.

We now stand in a long hall, down the length of which runs a bar dividing the hall into a narrow and a wide space. All the light is on the narrow side. There under yellow lamps that hang from the ceiling on long wires sit men in white smocks. We arrange ourselves in long lines, each leading up to one of these men, and the mill begins to grind. Each of us rests one arm on the iron railing that keeps us at a respectful distance from the bar. We hold on to it and slowly make headway toward the man in the white smock, scuffling and whispering, each one with a paper in his hand. And as the face of the man gradually comes nearer it seems to be growing larger and larger, and we feel the power of this man over our whole destiny until he acquires almost superhuman dimensions.

And I feel my heart beating furiously as if I were gripped with fear. Why am I so infected by the anxiety of these men? What is the matter with me? I have three marks in my pocket and could simply leave the line, go away, and enjoy the infinite superiority with which my silver coins endow me. But I cannot. I am being carried along in the wake of all these others. I am lifted up by a strange, strong current and feel like a swimmer being carried away from shore and safety.

III

What does the man in the white smock want to know? All these fellows in white smocks belong to a very special type of official. The way they let the line flow by while they work so smoothly together is facile, lazy, almost elegant. The way they say 'Mr.' to the down-and-outers from the street is full of ironic politeness. Being accustomed to violent outbursts from men who have been driven to extreme despair, they can assume either the conventional, reassuring air of a guard in a lunatic asylum or the raucous voice of a warrant officer. They are small-scale inquisitors who want to find out something and try to do it by estimating the character of each man with whom they deal. Hence they sometimes take a mild attitude and sometimes a strong one. It is an extremely primitive method, and the result is that the men standing in front of the bar shut themselves against the falseness of the man seated on the other side. Each man hears what happens to the two people ahead of him in line and prepares himself against questions that may be dangerous to him. He is not confronting an individual character but a method. The whole impersonal manner of the

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officials makes them as incomprehensible as a cash register. But no man can stand merely being handled all the time, and in one respect these officials are not neutral, indifferent, bureaucratic machines. They let the men feel their misery. A stream of cold contempt flows from them. They are like school-teachers at an examination who excite suspicion in order to bewilder the pupil.

But I must not generalize. I must be as exact as the game of question and answer that goes on over the bar. As the line passes in single file the official does not look up at each new person to appear. He only looks at the paper that is handed to him. These papers are for the most part invalid cards or unemployment certificates. The very fact that the official does not look up robs the homeless applicant of self-respect, although he may look too beaten down to feel any. There is a process of evaluation going on in which the man is being weighed against his paper, a process of evaluation that almost always favors the paper among us Germans.

Then come the questions. When and where were you born, and where have you come from? Name of your parents? Ever been in a municipal lodging house before? Where have you spent the last three nights? Where did you work last? Have you begged? The first impression that these questions and answers make on me is that it is just like the army. The point is not to speak the truth to the man at the desk, but to say something to him that he can put on paper. You hear all the 'old-timers' spouting their personal histories with the greatest assurance. Seasoned applicants begin by spelling out their names without being asked because they anticipate the question. Then the information about where they spent the last three nights is rattled off and written down in the journal. The experienced down-and-outer is the delight of the official because the man who is used to spending nights in such places is a kind of expert himself and makes the official's task a great deal easier.

IV

My second impression is the helplessness of the men on my side of the bar and the shocking ruthlessness with which the men on the other side of the bar insult this helplessness. Eight out of each ten men on my side of the bar are young fellows and about a third of these are mere boys. But boys are not received in the Fröbelstrasse municipal lodging house; they are sent to the boys' home in Charlottenburg. These young people are therefore coming here for the first time, for they would not come to the wrong place twice.

Personal information does not always flow smoothly. To the question 'Born?' many answer only the year, others only the day and the month, forgetting the year. Others use old-fashioned forms of speech or unusual dialects and the clerk has to translate it all into his own official language. This takes time and work and makes the clerk nervous and irritable. For instance, a lot of young men do not know their mothers' maiden names. Some were born out of wedlock; some have never known their mother's name; some have forgotten it. At a time when families were splitting up, which was the time in which these young people were growing up, the

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mother's maiden name did not possess any great significance. But the clerk on the other side of the bar acts as if it were important or as if he felt that it ought to be important and that ignorance on this point is a disgrace. He shouts, 'What, don't you know your mother's name?' thus trying to mortify the homeless man not only in front of the other clerks but in front of his own comrades.

Sometimes the mother has a peculiar name. For instance, the mother of the man in front of me is called 'Marila.' The clerk has this name spelled out for him and then he shouts it out so loud that everyone hears it. 'Marila. Why is n't she just called "Marie?" Marila. Ha, ha! A very flattering name indeed.'

Such apparent trivialities must be set down in full, for they are not really trivialities at all but atrocities designed to wound and embitter young people during their most impressionable years. Every clerk of this type would deny my accusation with a shrug of his shoulders and would reply by quoting numerous instances that illustrate the crudeness of these young people, not aware that he and his like are largely responsible for this crudeness. We Germans are no less humane than any other people. We even have the deepest and most extraordinary humanity of any people, but nowhere in the world are classes and castes so deeply imbedded in the body politic and nowhere are the bridges over the gulfs that divide these classes so difficult to span.

But to continue. Now it is my turn and the questions and answers flow as smoothly as if I were an old hand. But finally I am asked, 'Have you ever been here before?'

'No.'

'No?' The question reverberates through the whole room. The clerk refuses to believe me and looks through his card catalogue. But no, my name is not there. The clerk thinks this strange, for he cannot have made a mistake, and the terrible thing that one notices in all these clerks is that they expect you to lie. They do not believe what you say. They do not regard you as a human being but as an infection, something foul that one keeps at a distance. He goes on. 'How did you come here from Hamburg?'

'By truck.'

'Where have you spent the last three nights?'

I lie coolly.

'Have you begged?'

I feel a warm blush spreading over my face. It is welling up from the bourgeois world that I have come from. 'No.'

A coarse peal of laughter rises from the line, and a loud, piercing voice grips me as if someone had seized me by the throat: 'Never mind. The day will come, comrade, when there's nothing else to do.' And the line breaks into laughter again, the bitterest laughter I have ever heard, the laughter of damnation and despair.

V

The official presses a white card into my hand and tells me to go to the desk of another clerk that has the sign, 'Adjuster,' over it. While waiting in line I look at my white card. It is divided into squares and has my name at the top and all kinds of mysterious symbols underneath. A blue horseman stands for a warning, a red one means that you have been

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convicted of something, and a third sign means that you are unwilling to work. It is the kind of paper on which nobody likes to see his name, the kind of paper that at once degrades one's name, since the way it is arranged implies that one has all sorts of degrading characteristics. I try to discover some way of establishing my own inner sovereignty over this paper and say to myself that it does not matter, that it is only for one night, and so on. But my attempt fails utterly. Like everybody else, I feel angry and mortified, and I see that all the other newcomers recoil, too. They feel as I do, and it is suddenly quite clear to me that these interior things break men down much more than the exterior brutality of life. I remember a war-time expression that struck me profoundly at the time—'human material,' an expression coined by generals, a terrible combination of irreconcilable concepts: man and dead matter. Everything that is happening here springs from the same attitude toward life as this word.

VI

I do not remember what the 'adjuster' said to me,—there was some inconsistency in my papers, I believe, —for I was too absorbed at the time observing a group of boys who were being herded together and sent away. We had now spent a whole hour in the receiving hall. The boys were standing close together somewhat defiantly. They differed widely in type and dress. Some were city-bred youths in sport clothes, not without a certain elegance, and some were unquestionably *Wandervögel*—young men with long hair, wide shoes, and bare knees wearing tattered clothing that somehow captured the feeling of the open road in a queer spirit of mimicry. Their faces suggested every district of Germany but they all had the same attitude. They were all watchful, on guard, keen, bitter, and not without a certain irony. Their attitude toward the officials was completely hostile and scornful. Yet they were scarcely more than children as far as age was concerned and their eyes showed how tired and hungry they were.

After they had been waiting an hour and a quarter, the boy whom the official considered the most intelligent, though I thought he looked like the stupidest, was entrusted with the railway tickets for the entire group. This meant a six-minute walk to the Prenzlauer Allee station, eleven stops on the municipal train to a station in Charlottenburg, a ten-minute walk to the young people's home, and then another wait, another standing in line for another hour, perhaps. I did not know, but I had a certain justification in assuming that something of the sort would happen. Standing around and waiting in municipal lodgings, in front of soup kitchens, labor offices, unemployed headquarters, and eating rooms, encountering all kinds of local authorities in the warm corridors of municipal buildings—that is the soul-slaying routine that makes up the whole life of millions of people to-day. The boys turned around and went away like a troop going to war, packed close together. You could tell by the way they stood, shoulder to shoulder, that the gloominess of this place weighed heavily upon them and slackened their pace. Such are the young people of to-day, members of a conspiracy

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that is still unconscious but that is already prepared for action.

VII

Well, what is the matter with my papers? From force of habit and because of the place I am in I have given my occupation as 'seaman' on the card, but my papers have me down as a writer.

'Room 177,' says the 'adjuster' with emphasis, and a timid whisper runs through the line behind me: 'Room 177.' A man precedes me to the door of Room 177—an old customer, a chronic tippler. On the way to the door he seems to shrivel up. He becomes perceptibly smaller and shrinks into himself and his knees begin to shake. He starts to reach for the door knob but his hand stops halfway, and his face bears an expression of fear and the conquest of fear such as I have never seen before. Then with a sudden motion, he pulls the door open, takes a deep breath—and vanishes. When the door closes again I read the word 'Police' on it and understand everything.

When I enter, the man is standing silently waiting, with sunken head, before a desk at which a clerk is writing. He stands there like a tired old nag whose eyes have been bandaged and who knows that he is headed for the slaughterhouse.

Room 177 has the same kind of a bar as the receiving hall and the same yellowish office furniture. Only one thing is different—the walls are covered with brightly colored placards offering rewards for the apprehension of criminals. The predominating colors are pink and red. The large sums offered as rewards stand out enticingly and form an almost pathetic contrast to the pictures of the criminals and their victims, who look very shabby and commonplace in the hard white light in which they were photographed.

The police approach me in the form of a woman, a middle-aged woman of the bourgeois type, brunette and dressed in a kind of office smock. She looks at me with an experienced gaze and I feel that I do not need to worry, that this woman will believe me rather than my papers. 'You have put down your profession as seaman, but on your paper it says you are a writer, Herr Hauser.'

'I have changed my profession.'

She looks at me keenly. 'One must look out for one's self as one goes along, is n't that so?' And with these words she hands my papers back to me.

This really human and sympathetic utterance astounds me. It reveals the fundamental fear and anxiety to which we are so eager to close our eyes. The woman is quite right. There is not a straw of security in my life to which I can cling. I live from article to article, from book to book, utterly dependent on my capacity for work and the market. What if I lose this capacity, this freshness that the publishers lay so much store by? If I do I shall certainly vanish in the great army of homeless, hopeless people out of which I have worked my way in the past seven years. Again I feel all the misery and anxiety of those years as if I were shivering with cold.

VIII

When I come out I am holding a check that has been given me for a

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night's sleep and food in the lodging house. I follow the rest to a corner of the entrance hall where there is a shelf with hundreds of brass chains hanging from it. A man in a white smock takes my check and indicates that I am to take a chain from the shelf. I take it and hang it around my neck as the others are doing. It has a brass shield with a number on it and two spring hooks that have the same number.

We make our way slowly through corridors with stone floors. A faint smell of lysol surrounds us and makes us feel constricted and slightly ill, as if we were in a hospital. A man in a gray smock opens a door, pushes a crowd of us through, and closes it. The bare walls of the room that we have entered are lined with iron bedsteads. There are no windows, but a sloping roof with skylights that reminds me of a factory. We sit down on the bedsteads along the middle of the room, closely packed together. A voice near me whispers, 'What was the matter with you, buddy?'

'My papers.'

'Say, you had luck to get out again. They kept the fellow that went in with you. He spent his dole of eighteen marks in two days. Oh, boy, think of it! Eighteen marks!'

'But they can't lock him up for that.'

'They can do anything when a man is so foolish with his money.'

'How do you think he spent it? He could n't have spent it all on himself. He must have had a girl.'

Others now join the conversation. Old tramps, young *Wandervögel*, tanned farmers in short green coats, city people—they all describe how they would spend eighteen marks in two days. They reckon the sum in glasses of beer, in brandy, in cigarettes, and they boast of how much liquor they can hold. The mere thought of that money, of all the pleasure they could buy with it, intoxicates them. This conversation interests me enormously because it gives me sudden insight into a degree of poverty that has been incomprehensible to me before. For there is no fundamental difference between a man with one mark and a man with a hundred marks, but there is a fundamental difference between both these men and the man who has n't got a groschen.

A lodging-house official wearing a white coat stands in our midst with his arms folded. An old customer reeling with drunkenness holds his tattered shoe in front of the man's face. The old fellow is told that he should have had his shoes repaired instead of buying liquor, which is indeed true. He addresses the official as 'Mr. Inspector' and, though that may not be the man's official title, he deserves it. The titles that people give their officials are an excellent measure of the relationship between them.

I look at the clock again. Our reception ceremony lasted an hour and a half, and we now sit here another half hour, which makes two hours. They do not make it easy for you to get supper and a bed in a municipal lodging house.

IX

Again the crowd pushes back in the kind of rhythm that is so typical of a lodging house, and we are all herded into the undressing room. It is like all the other rooms except that it is divided by benches and shelves like a fourth-class railway carriage. I cling

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to the man who spoke to me. He is a Saxon with a friendly manner and he has noticed that I am a stranger here. A certain sensitiveness, an almost perverse, spiritual alertness makes me like him very much.

Out of a big iron chest each of us takes a coat hanger that would serve admirably to hit somebody over the head with. As we undress the room becomes filled with the heavy breath of poverty. We are so close together that we brush against each other every time we move. Anyone who has been a soldier, anyone who has been to a public bath is perfectly accustomed to the look of naked bodies. But I have never seen anything quite so repulsive as all these hundreds of withered human frames. For in the homeless army the majority are men who have already been defeated in the struggle of life, the crippled, old, and sick. There is no repulsive disease of which traces are not to be seen here. There is no form of mutilation or degeneracy that is not represented, and the naked bodies of the old men are in a disgusting state of decline.

In a corner of the room, behind a table on which a bright lamp is burning, stands one of the lodging-house officials. The naked men stand in a row, carrying their shirts and undergarments in their hands. This is inspection for vermin. The clothes are held against the light and those that have lice in them are sent to be deloused. When I hold mine out the official throws it back to me. 'What do you expect me to do with it?' I look at him in speechless amazement. Then he shouts, 'Turn it round, round to the left. Now show the seams.' Everyone is supposed to know the ropes here.

At another table we are each given two unbleached cotton bags. We stick our clothes, along with the coat hanger, into the big bag and our shoes into the little one. The bags must be tied up in a certain way. The spring hooks on the chains around our necks must be taken off and fastened to the bags, for they carry our registration number. If the Saxon had n't explained things to me I could n't have done this properly.

We hand over our bags to another official, who hangs them in big wardrobes. As soon as a wardrobe is filled it is wheeled away. This irreparable disappearance of the only possessions one has creates a very strange sensation. One feels completely lost without one's clothes and just as naked and bare as one actually is. The brass chain and the brass shield are now the only things we possess. But no, not the only things. The Saxon warned me in time. I have held on to a couple of books and three cigarettes, and the Saxon has kept two newspapers and one cigarette.

X

We now go through a warm corridor into the bath. On the right, built into the wall, are the delousing kettles; on the left are the shower baths. The Saxon and I stick our things under the radiator. The showers are turned on, hundreds of them. There are enough for everybody. This is the one moment when I feel thankful to the lodging house. A warm bath after a cold winter day on the street makes a man feel better than the plate of food that follows the bath. But what a dreadful performance the lodging house now indulges in to cancel the benefit of this bath. Soap is thrown to

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us through a door at the end of the room, real soap for washing, in big sticks. The sticks fly between the bathers and scoot along the slippery stone floor. We grab them, break them, and divide them. It is a good thing to give us soap, but why don't they hand it to us, why do they throw it to us as if we were animals?

I enumerate all these apparently trivial details by intention. The same gift can have a great or slight value depending on the way it is given, for gifts have no absolute value that can be estimated. Why does the establishment lower its own value and prestige by resorting to such methods, especially since it has a certain real benefit to offer? Again we are encountering the same wretched lack of humanity.

It is superfluous to describe what follows. Towels are handed out by the same methods described above. Then nightgowns—long, sacklike affairs made of plain unbleached cotton but freshly washed. Then slippers. All at once a new sound goes up from the moving mass that has been walking silently on bare feet. The shuffling and rattling of the hard soles of the slippers ring through the corridor.

Distribution of spoons, distribution of enameled-ware bowls with the words 'Property of the City of Berlin' written on their sides. Then the meal itself. A big kettle is carried in. Men with yellow smocks have brought it and men with yellow smocks ladle out the food. These men, too, are homeless and they have been expressly picked by the establishment and given free food and lodging and a little pocket money in exchange for their work about the house.

Where have I seen this kind of food distribution before? In a prison that I once helped to guard in the winter of 1919 during the German civil war. There was the same hunger then, the same trembling, anxious expectation of rations. Now the men are standing in a long row, dressed in their plain nightshirts that reach to the ground, and the noise of their shuffling feet is like the noise of big wild animals walking up and down the stone floor of their cages before feeding time. The men lean far over the kettle so that the warm steam from the food envelops them and they hold out their bowls as if begging and whisper to the attendant, 'Give me a real helping. Give me a little more.' A piece of bread is handed out with every bowl.

My next recollection is sitting at table in another room on a crowded bench that is like a seat in a fourth-class railway carriage. Hundreds of hungry mouths make an enormous noise eating their food. The men sit bent over their food like animals who feel that someone is going to take it away from them. They hold their bowl with their left arm part way around it, so that nobody can take it away, and they also protect it with their other elbow and with their head and mouth, while they move the spoon as fast as they can between their mouth and the bowl. The portions, for men on a normal diet, would be extraordinarily large. There must be about a quart of stew in each bowl, and it's not bad, either. There is fat and strength in it. But I am only halfway through mine when all my neighbors have finished and are looking at me enviously. I give the rest to the Saxon, who looks at me in amazement. 'Stomach ache,' I say. In the twinkling of an eye the rest has disappeared.

Wash basins are brought in on the

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other side of the room. Everyone washes his own bowl here, for he will need it again for his morning meal.

XI

We shuffle into the sleeping room, where each bed has a number painted in big letters on the wall over it. You must find the number that you have around your neck, and there is your bed, your home for one night. It stands in a row with fifty others and across the room there are fifty more in a row. It is rather short, with a small iron framework, crossed metal strips that bear your weight, a thin mattress, clean sheets of unbleached cotton, and a coarse, dark, woolen blanket. The bed has holes in its four posts so that the feet of a second bed can be stuck into them, and when the house is full three beds are put on top of each other, so that the capacity of the room is trebled. The head of the bed slopes upward and underneath is a wire basket for your bowl, spoon, and towel. Good.

It is a hard, small, uncomfortably sloping bed, and it is too short, but it is a bed just the same, a hole that one can crawl into, a warm sanctuary. And now everybody crawls in and pulls the covers over his head in order to banish the penetrating misery of the day. I feel like crying aloud and I believe that the others do, too.

I curl up in a ball for a few minutes and then see that the Saxon is lying the same way, curled up in the next bed. We look at each other with eyes that understand everything. Then we stare up at the three yellow lights that shine down like dim stars from far above and we look at the sloping glass roof, which we cannot see through, and then we turn our gaze to the bare, green walls, and finally to the great ribbed radiators that run the length of the room and that are beginning to make noises, for the heat has just been turned on.

The heat brings a new kind of life to the room. It is still early, perhaps eight or eight-thirty. We have no watches. We only know that when two of the three lights go out it is ten o'clock. Whereas most of the older men have already gone to sleep, some of the younger ones are walking about in the middle of the room, collecting into groups. An old patriarch with a great white beard is sitting on his bed like a Buddha, radiating natural authority. Nobody talks much. Poverty knows itself too well. And what is there to talk about except each other's poverty?

Some people read newspapers and anything else they may have picked up on the street. But there is not much argument. Poverty is nonpolitical. 'Hitler or Communism? It's six of one and half a dozen of the other as far as I'm concerned. Both the same kind of dung,' says the Saxon beside me. The big farmer with a moustache on my left, who has n't made a sound up to now, rolls over in bed and looks at us like an animal. 'Everything must fall together, the whole business.' The bed creaks as he turns over again. Poverty does not talk politics but is anarchistic. People in the last stage of despair can think only of one final attack.

At the end of the room water is running in the basin. Somebody has sneaked his stockings in with him and is washing them with a bit of soap from the shower bath. Another has a razor and is shaving himself carefully,

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holding a pocket mirror in his free hand. When he has finished, he parts his hair with the greatest care. Another mends his underwear while lying in bed. He must be a tailor; he sews so carefully. Another man vanishes under his blanket to eat food that he has begged during the day. Another starts smoking and a group gathers around him, sniffing the smoke, and then the butt is passed from hand to hand. It is obvious that everyone has smuggled something contraband into the room. The smokers look anxiously at the door to see if the inspector is coming.

If the foregoing passage gives the impression that any form of social activity, conversation, or human contact is achieved, it has failed of its purpose. Only a few people, very few, move around at all. The others lie awake and still, staring at their blankets, wrapped up in themselves but not sleeping. Only an almost soldierly sense of comradeship, an inner self-control engendered by the presence of so many people, prevents the despair that is written on all these faces from expressing itself. The few who are moving about do so with the tormenting consciousness of men who merely want to kill time. They do not believe in what they are doing.

Going to sleep means passing into the unconscious, eliminating the intelligence. And one can read deeply into a man's life by watching the way he goes to sleep. For we have not always slept in municipal lodgings. There are men among us who still move as if they were in a bourgeois bedchamber. You would think they were getting into a solid double bed, the way they climb into these iron bedsteads. And they automatically reach out their hand to a bedside table that does not exist, as if they were about to put on it their watch and wedding ring, which do not exist either. An atmosphere of infinite loneliness surrounds a product of the bourgeois world and makes him at once a comic and a tragic figure.

A cat streaked with gray glides between the beds, seeking affection, and everybody strokes it, for it is a good, comforting proletarian cat, thin, accustomed to being stroked by coarse hands, and grateful for the attention. The shuffling of slippered feet gradually dies down. Two of the three lights go out. The white coat of an inspector passes through the room, silent and mysterious. The radiator at my head makes rumbling noises, and the heat from it gives me a headache. The air is poisoned with the breath of men who have stuffed too much food into empty stomachs. There is also a sickening smell of lysol. It seems completely terrible to me, and I am not merely pitying myself. It is painful just to look at the scene. Life is no longer human here. To-day, when I am experiencing this for the first time, I think that I should prefer to do away with myself, to take gas, to jump into the river, or leap from some high place, if I were ever reduced to such straits that I had to live here in the lodging house. But I have had too much experience not to mistrust even myself. If I ever were reduced so low, would I really come to such a decision? I do not know. Animals die, plants wither, but men always go on living.

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A friend and colleague of Thorstein Veblen's describes the origins of *The Engineers and the Price System* and its author's association with Howard Scott. Technocracy is criticized for lacking Veblen's revolutionary programme.

Veblen *and* Technocracy

By Leon Ardzrooni

THE name 'Technocracy' has been in everyone's mouth of late and men everywhere have turned to it with breathless expectation for the solution of the manifest economic paradoxes and inconsistencies that now beset the nation. The anxious acclaim with which this proposal has been received in many quarters merely attests to the all-pervading fact of the well-nigh complete derangement and confusion of the industrial forces of the country. To further enhance its prestige, Technocracy has been surrounded with the halo of the great name of Thorstein Veblen. What has lent color to such an authentication has been the second printing recently of Veblen's *The Engineers and the Price System*, which the critics have hailed as 'the original gospel from which the theories of Technocracy have been developed.'

In what manner and to what extent is this true? What was Veblen's relation to the scheme that is now called Technocracy? In the light of his social and economic theories, what would Veblen have thought of it? These are some of the questions which, in view of the current excitement and agitation concerning Technocracy, become of considerable human interest.

During the year 1919, when Veblen found himself out in the cold world, foot-loose and jobless, he was retained at a modest annuity by *The Dial*, then in the control of Miss Helen Marot and Mr. Martin Johnson. In his capacity as a regular contributor Veblen wrote a number of essays and articles for that magazine which were subsequently (1921) collected and published by Mr. Huebsch under the title, *The Engineers and the Price System*.

In the meantime Veblen had been

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given a comfortable berth at the New School for Social Research, which for a time achieved undue notoriety as a radical institution, but which has since succeeded in living down that ignominy. Here Veblen conceived the idea of getting together a group of like-minded folk chosen from among young economists, accountants, engineers, and technicians generally to form the nucleus of a 'soviet of technicians,' a brief working plan for which was contained in *The Engineers and the Price System*. In due time the New School came to be, informally, the headquarters for such a group, which, with the exception of two or three members, was composed of persons not connected with the New School. Among these the most outstanding was Howard Scott, who recently has come forward as the titular head and official spokesman of Technocracy. Veblen took an unusual interest in Scott because, as a highly trained technician,—a type that Veblen respected and admired,—he seemed to fit in well with Veblen's scheme of things and also because Scott's experiences as an engineer during the War, as he related them, were unusually edifying and instructive.

Veblen's health did not permit him to indulge in long-drawn-out and frequent conferences and discussions with the group, but a few of the younger men spent considerable time with Scott. Later on, at the earnest solicitation of Veblen and at some expense to the New School, a prominent and experienced engineer joined the group, chiefly for the purpose of consulting with Scott. The result of these consultations and conferences, it is regrettable to say, was not very satisfactory, largely because Scott remained somewhat of an enigma to most of the group. But Veblen maintained his faith and interest in Scott to the end.

At about this time (1921) the New School became involved in financial and other difficulties, with the result that the group became more or less disorganized, and Veblen, because of his failing health, withdrew from activities of that nature, though he continued to lecture at the New School.

II

From this brief narrative it should be clear that Veblen had laid the foundations and worked out the details of what passes current as Technocracy before he came to the New School and before his contact with Howard Scott. As for the basic idea in Technocracy, in so far as that centres about the repudiation and rejection of bankers, financial agents, statesmen, and so on, as nothing better than marplots in the conduct of the productive and distributive processes of industry, that idea runs through practically all the important works of Veblen.

The immediate occasion, however, for Veblen's active interest in what is now called Technocracy was his experiences in the Food Administration and his observations of the queer and incredibly imbecile antics of the dollar-a-year men in Washington during the Great War, not to mention the untold stupidities and skulduggeries in other sections committed in the name of God and country. After the premature and abortive end of the War, in his frequent discussions of current problems, Veblen often expressed the firm

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conviction that things could not continue much longer under the guidance and management of the vested interests and that sooner rather than later a change was unavoidable. The problem that therefore engrossed his attention was as to how the inevitable change might be brought about without a serious dislocation and disintegration of industry and consequent hardships and suffering for the underlying population. To the solution of this problem he addressed himself in the series of articles that now compose *The Engineers and the Price System*.

The plan as outlined in those articles differs radically from that envisaged by the present-day spokesman for Technocracy. In the first place, Technocracy excludes all but technicians from the control of industry. In the second place, it is silent as to the manner and method of securing that control.

With respect to the first of these points, according to Veblen the technicians, or, as he sometimes called them, the 'production engineers,' can not be counted on to set up the new régime alone and by themselves but must be aided by 'consulting economists.' Here it should be noted that Veblen is careful to point out that he does not refer to the 'certified economists' who 'by reason of doctrinal consistency and loyalty to tradition have habitually described business enterprise as a rational arrangement for administering the country's industrial system and assuring a full and equitable distribution of consumable goods to the consumers. . . . Quite blamelessly, the economists have, by tradition and by force of commercial pressure, habitually gone in for a theoretical inquiry into the ways and means of salesmanship, financial traffic, and the distribution of income and property, rather than a study of the industrial system considered as a ways and means of producing goods and services. Yet there now are, after all, especially among the younger generation, an appreciable number, perhaps an adequate number, of economists who have learned that "business" is not "industry" and that investment is not production. . . . "Consulting economists" of this order are a necessary adjunct to the personnel of the central directorate, because the technical training that goes to make a resource engineer or a production engineer is not of a kind to give him the requisite sure and facile insight into the play of economic forces at large.'

In this connection students familiar with Veblen's earlier writings will readily call to mind his critical essays on economic theory. These strictures, however, on the guild of economists are particularly timely in view of the appointment in recent weeks of several committees in different parts of the country composed of the 'best minds' to deal with the present economic debacle. With regard to the competency of the 'best minds' to cope with the elements in a social crisis it may appear as a singular coincidence that Lenin also, be it recorded to his everlasting fame, abjured all relationship with the 'best minds.' This was the issue upon which the Mensheviki and the Bolsheviki parted company. That one stroke of genius on the part of Lenin perhaps more than any other single factor decided the course of events and the fate of the revolution in Russia.

With regard to the manner and

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means of securing control of industry, there are two main lines to be followed by the soviet of technicians: '(a) An extensive campaign of inquiry and publicity, such as will bring the underlying population to a reasonable understanding of what it is all about; and (b) the working out of a common understanding and a solidarity of sentiment between the technicians and the working force engaged in transportation and in the greater underlying industries of the system: to which is to be added, as being nearly indispensable from the outset, an active adherence to this plan on the part of the trained workmen in the great generality of the mechanical industries.'

Veblen, with his uncanny insight, foresaw the 'danger of a revolutionary overturn' and clearly set forth 'the circumstances that make for a change.' He also offered a workable plan to effect the change without inflicting undue pain and privation on the underlying population. The plan is workable, of course, just so soon as the underlying population gets to thinking along these lines and precipitates 'the abdication of the Vested Interests under conviction of total imbecility.' But 'the underlying population can be counted on stolidly to put up with what they are so well used to, just yet,' and 'the Vested Interests are secure in their continued usufruct of the country's industry, just yet' and 'so long as there is no competent organization ready to take their place and administer the country's industries on a more reasonable plan.'

III

As matters stand to-day Technocracy offers no practicable remedy for the chronic ills that afflict the economic life of the nation. It has neither the definitive and convincing character nor the bold and revolutionary implications of Veblen's 'soviet of technicians.' In fact, there is nothing in the proposed scheme of Technocracy to prevent it from being used as an instrument of oppression and exploitation of the underlying population quite as merciless and relentless in its incidence as any that exists to-day. The most sinister and menacing feature of the proposal is that contained in the implication of the domination of unskilled and unblessed workmen by their skilled and more fortunate brethren. And now that Technocracy has enlisted the active interest of the 'best minds' in its behalf it may confidently be expected that presently the 'Guardians of the Vested Interests' will bestir themselves to seize the proffered opportunity to bring about a change in the present unhappy conditions without altering them.

So that, in the words of Veblen written fourteen years ago, 'there is nothing in the situation that should reasonably flutter the sensibilities of the Guardians or of that massive body of well-to-do citizens who make up the rank and file of absentee owners, just yet.'

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Persons and Personages

Reflections at Seventy

By David Lloyd George

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

On a man's seventieth birthday people have a habit of asking him about the ambition of his boyhood—and whether he has attained it. When I was a lad here in Criccieth I watched the sailing vessels running into Portmadoc, and wished hard to be the captain of a ship. That was *my* childhood's ambition. But I have never attained it. . . . And, incidentally, I've never believed in the Boy Who Said He Would Grow Up to Be President—or Prime Minister. That sort of youngster never gets there.

Looking back across the years, do I harbor any regrets? Who does n't? But no realist wastes time on them. Like the shepherds in the shadow of old Snowdon over there, I have learned by experience—and learned more from my mistakes than from my successes. Our lives drop to the valleys and climb to the peaks. No one walks a dead flat road.

The most vital interest in my life? The principle that has made it most worth while? The struggles of my youth, the family anxieties that oppressed me after my uncle's death bit deep and left me with an overwhelming sympathy for the under dog. So, naturally, my chief concern has been to fight for him whenever and wherever I have had the chance. I am prouder of what I have been able to do for the aged, the sick, and the unemployed than of anything else I have laid my hand to.

Am I still an optimist? Of course I am. My disposition simply insists on that. I have never felt defeat or discouragement to be irreparable in either the personal or the political world. For instance, when the House of Lords storm blew up before the War, the Government, of which I was a member, nearly threw its hand in. I never for a second doubted that we should pull through. I could n't. And pull through we did, you know. Again, when people tell me Tory reaction has come to stay I refuse to believe them. I have n't the slightest doubt that in a few years the reactionaries will be swept away by a great progressive wave.

How do the Parliaments of to-day compare with the House I knew back in the 'nineties? Well, when I first went up to Westminster there were not ten workingmen on those benches. There were plenty of scions of the aristocracy, county gentlemen, captains of industry, and a few distinguished literary figures. I have seen them displaced by workers

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and the sons of workers. And yet, finally and in its essentials, Parliament is much the same. You see, the tradition is so overwhelming that it moulds its human material into a very similar shape generation after generation.

One thing, though: the House of Commons is quieter, more decorous, and, therefore, far duller than it used to be. When I see placards saying 'Scene in Parliament' nowadays, I shake my head skeptically, and wonder what on earth they can refer to. The scenes I can recall really were scenes. Day after day members were raucously howled down by solid mobs of opposition. Certain men were never on any account allowed to speak—except during the dinner hour. I have watched members being carried out of the House, struggling madly.

AMONG the Labor M.P.'s of my early days I knew Keir Hardie well. I was already a member when he arrived. A most lovable man. But he did n't take kindly to Parliament. Then there was Cunninghame Graham, fascinating, daring, and romantic.

And, of course, 'Mabon.' He was a tremendous personality. One of my own countrymen. A poet-orator with a superb voice and the common touch. How he could sway a huge audience of bare-headed miners! You could do what you liked with a listening host—if you were a 'Mabon.' There is no one like him up at St. Stephen's now. He owed his appeal to the native background that shaped his youth.

That, at least, I know to be true in my own case. People who have never dwelt among the Welsh mountains cannot realize what those dark rocks and rushing streams come to mean to you. I don't need to *see* the hills. They are always in my mind. Down in my Surrey home shelf after shelf is filled with Welsh books. I just have to take one down and read a page—and I am back here, a willing prisoner between Snowdonia and the sea. Someone has only to strike a familiar note on the piano or start singing a Welsh song—and I am home. That is why I so often praise the hills. Happy the man who can fly to them on the magic carpet of an old Welsh book!

What of the future? Well, I have seen the world in some difficulties in my time, but never in such a ditch as it is to-day. And, optimistic though I am and must be, I feel that the most serious feature of the situation is the regularity with which every hopeful forecast up till now has been falsified in the event. That is a warning which mankind cannot afford to ignore.

The amazing progress of the machine as a substitute for human labor is a really revolutionary portent. Indeed, I often think science is the greatest revolutionary of all. I am convinced that, before Britain and the rest of the world can emerge from the slough, the pre-war financial and

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industrial structure will have to be not simply patched up, not merely revised, but fundamentally recast.

As I go about the country I am continually being impressed by the keen desire of young men and women for a brighter, happier society. Thousands of them are seeking the way to a more satisfactory scheme of things, here and now. Thousands of them are looking to a great forward movement to achieve that end. My sympathies are whole-heartedly with them in that.

The present Government is hopeless and helpless, a body of men without vision and without faith. No, we have nothing to look for where they are concerned. It is the progressive elements in Britain that must and will save us in the end.

A serious note on which to end a seventieth-birthday message? Why not? Young and old together, we have the biggest task ever set before any generation—to rebuild a crumbling world. I hope to live long enough to help in some measure in that great work of reconstruction.

Is Kreuger Dead?

By Maria Lazar

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

SO YOU THINK Kreuger is dead? Well, so do most people. But not in Sweden, no, not in Sweden. There only a few people think so. Virtually nobody. It is the talk of the country. And what are they saying? That he is alive; that of course he is alive. Where does he live? In hiding, of course. No one suspects it, and we shall say nothing more about it, but the fact is that he is living in the Ukraine.

And why should n't he live in the Ukraine? Why not in the Ukraine? He's got to hide somewhere and, as for being dead, why that's absurd. Such a fellow, who had the whole world in his pocket, is n't got rid of so simply as that. Maybe Charles XII shot himself? Nonsense. A great man, a man of such stature, especially one who did everything in such style, does n't commit suicide. It does n't appeal to him.

Do you know the story about the nuns? Well, here it is. Two nuns were praying at his deathbed—which was most suspicious in itself. For why should a Protestant have French nuns praying over him when he is dead? He does n't need any nuns, not even one. But do you know how many nuns left his death chamber? Three. That's true. Three.

Who ever saw his corpse? Count them—just two people. Liturin, his most intimate companion, and Miss Bökmann, his secretary. And the doctor. But the doctor saw only a dead body; he had never seen Kreuger

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alive. Remember that. The doctor shrugged his shoulders whenever people talked to him about it. He saw a corpse, but what does a corpse amount to? You can buy one for twenty-five francs in the morgue. Moreover, what they said about the corpse sounds suspicious. You know what the pallbearers in Stockholm said who carried Ivar Kreuger's coffin? That he had never carried such a light one, and that he had never known there to be such a strong smell of wax at a cremation.

The pallbearer has a wide acquaintance that includes most of the people I know. He is a fine fellow, very affable. But what concerns me is that I know the woman who spoke to the doctor herself in person. You may not believe the pallbearer but you must believe the doctor. No, not the doctor in Paris, the other doctor who is much more important, the doctor whom Ivar Kreuger has to thank for his new face. The things you can do with operations nowadays! A new nose, new cheeks, a new forehead, a new chin. Ivar Kreuger can walk unconcerned along every street in the Ukraine. Nobody recognizes him, for the doctor is an artist and I know the woman who talked to him.

What does Kreuger live on? No, he is not poor. Not yet. No need to worry about him. And everyone knows what he is living on. There is the extraordinary story about the Norwegian in America. It is in every newspaper and it is a lovely story. One-hundred-per-cent Kreuger. On the day Kreuger shot himself this Norwegian, who lives in America, received a letter containing instructions to take a certain package out of a certain bank and to bring it to a certain station where an unknown man with a certain flower in his buttonhole would take it. The Norwegian carried out the instructions faithfully. Kreuger's assistants were always receiving secret messages that they obeyed blindly, for who would doubt Kreuger? The next day the Norwegian in America received a telegram announcing Kreuger's death. It was then that misgivings began to set in, and justly so, for so and so many millions were missing. Whether they were genuine or false millions I don't know, but that makes no difference. The Norwegian was an honorable man. Kreuger always worked with honorable people. He presented himself to the committee of inquiry. He gave all his evidence and the story came out in the newspapers. What more do you want? If proof is needed, here is proof that Kreuger is alive.

AND IT IS not a miracle either. What Kreuger accomplished when he fooled the whole world as Ivar Kreuger was much more miraculous. A friend of mine, a cool-headed, sensible business man, once visited a certain big bank director. No, I can't reveal his name. A very big bank director. To inform him that Kreuger's business could n't all be on the level. The bank director listened to him attentively, then shook his

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head and said, 'Yes, much of what you say is true, but to a genius like Kreuger none of this matters.' And are we to believe that a genius is dead, shot like any ordinary defrauder? Impossible. Kreuger was a genius of credit. His millions, his impossible millions were universally believed in. But, when it comes to believing that he is dead, no one will do that.

People believe that he is still alive. Was he popular? A man whose death nobody believes in is always popular. You ought to have seen his auction. It was tremendous. Crowds stormed the house. They grabbed at everything that was offered for sale. Ivar Kreuger's kitchen curtains; Ivar Kreuger's scrubbing brush, not to mention other things, were sold at unheard-of prices. And never to rich people, not one. The objects auctioned off had real value as fetishes. Yes indeed. He has already become a kind of national hero. Not that this is openly proclaimed in Sweden, you understand. It is a big country. It has a wide expanse of sky. People like large dimensions and when a man is a great swindler . . .

Even in death he fooled people, that is, if he really is dead, which nobody believes. For instance, there is a certain baron whom I also must not call by name. This baron had developed something akin to delusions of grandeur, for he had never bought Kreuger's stock, he had never trusted Kreuger, and Kreuger had never defrauded him. He, too, went to the auction and, being a great expert on Japan, bought some beautiful Japanese teacups with flowers painted on them. Of course he paid a lot of money, and the teacups turned out to be imitations.

Is all this mere gossip? It is easy to believe the stories about the Japanese teacups and the kitchen curtains and the scrubbing brush; but not so easy to believe those about the Norwegian, the doctor, the pallbearer, and the third nun, not to mention the woman who knows the other doctor. Of course, everyone believes that Ivar Kreuger was the incarnation of the capitalist—the typical capitalist with the cigar in the corner of his mouth sitting in his club armchair hating and hated, thinking how he can ruin the world. This is a commonplace. Or else you believe that he was a crazy, fanatical crook, a common thief under a magnifying glass. This is cliché number two. Or you may subscribe to both theories, and this is cliché number three. He has already made his appearance in literature, bloodless and cleanly laundered, with all his essential features preserved. But if you want to get closer to the living man, the incomprehensible character as nature itself created him, in the original edition, which will never be reprinted, then you must depend upon gossip.

In Sweden people believe that Ivar Kreuger is alive. Whether this is true or not, it is very characteristic of Kreuger.

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Here are excerpts from the diaries of a group of young Russian workers who recently made the grand tour of Europe.

Young Russia Tours Europe

A Communist Symposium

From *International Literature*
Moscow English-Language Literary Review

AT THE END of 1930, 257 of the best shock-workers set sail for a cruise around Europe on the Soviet ship *Abkhazia*. These workers—miners, smiths, and textile workers—were thus rewarded for their work in production. Representatives of 123 Soviet industrial enterprises took part in this novel trip. The factories in which they work not only gave them holidays with full pay but also financed the cruise.

Since returning to the Soviet Union these shock-workers have written a number of books on their impressions of capitalist Europe. The most comprehensive of these is *The First Cruise*, extracts from which we are publishing. This book was written collectively by Comrades Bebchuk (Hammer and Sickle Factory), Korolev (Svarz Factory), Medvedev (Baltic Factory), Salov (Aamo Factory), Shillin (Stalin Factory), and Sokolov (a worker in a tram depot). The cruise lasted twenty-five days. This brief space of time spent in observing the 'blessings' of capitalism proved sufficient to show the best Soviet industrial workers the necessity for joining the ranks of the vanguard of the working class. During the cruise almost all the shock-workers made application to join the Communist Party.—Editor of *International Literature*.

To-day the shock-brigade workers are making their first 'sortie' into Europe. At nine o'clock sharp the engine gave a short, sharp whistle, and our train glided out of the brightly lighted station into the darkness. I sat by the window. A few of my comrades, I could see, were wiping their eyes. Their mouths quivered suspiciously.

The train raced onward, lights flashed past the windows, telegraph poles sailed by. Somebody began singing and that was enough to start the whole lot going. Soon the train rang with the voices of young and old—

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folks from the Ukraine, from the Ural, from Ivanovo-Voznesensk. They sang for a long time.

We did not go to sleep till late that night. I lay awake listening to the monotonous sound of the wheels. They seemed to chant: 'To Europe—to Europe—to Europe!'

F. Korolev

On the journey we roved from one compartment to another, making friends. There were the Dynamo people: the leaders of the shock brigades, Gavrilov and Popov; the foreman, Bashlikov; and the engineer, Rickman. They were worrying about how the production plan was going to be carried out without them. Gavrilov said that he had left a lot of pupils there at the works. They would have no one to guide them now. Would the programme of work be spoiled, he wondered.

Night. Conversation was at a low ebb. Some of the shock-brigade workers were already snoring. And the express went tearing along full speed ahead. The engine driver never slackened his pace. He knew that he was carrying three hundred of the best workers in the Soviet Union, and was trying to land them, at shock-brigade rate, in the city of Lenin.

In the morning the tall chimneys of factories could be seen on all sides. The train slowed down. A burst of music from the band on the platform greeted us. We got out on the platform at Leningrad.

We glided up the Kiel Canal. Before we got up to the lock gate, some one of us pointed out a launch coming in our direction. There were about five people on it, and they waved their hats to us. They were employees from the Hamburg and Berlin Soviet trade delegations. We shouted 'Hurrah' to them in reply. Eight policemen were already waiting on the quay.

Two German boys from the Young Communist League who had found out that the shock-brigade workers from the Soviet Union were coming tried to come on board so as to speak to our Young Communists. The police would not let them. One Young Communist got through somehow, though. He ran on board the *Abkhazia* shouting 'Rot Front!' ('Red Front!')

Along the gangway came a group of Soviet people who were working in Germany. They were headed by Comrade Krumin, our consul general in Hamburg. The Soviet colony in Berlin sent its representative, too.

Our Soviet diplomats and trade representatives turned out to be former workers from the Moscow and Leningrad factories, Comrades Krumin and Bayat as well. They began to tell us about Germany. We sailed up the Kiel Canal as far as Hamburg.

A. Salov

The port of Hamburg gives the impression of being well thought out and well equipped. The loading and unloading of boats is fully mechanized. There are fine port railways. The pavement is of diabase, and this allows immense platform cars to be moved easily with the help of small tractors. The tractors have a very large capacity for work. I admired the mechanized loading of bricks—no wheelbarrows, no gangways, and not one brick broken in the unloading. The unloading of the *Abkhazia* was carried on in the same way.

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We saw floating docks, beautifully mechanized great shipyards, colossal warehouses, scores of giant steamers. We had read in the papers all about the crisis in capitalist countries, but mere printed paper is not as convincing as the sight before one's eyes. It was not Sunday and there was no strike on, and yet—the great warehouses stood empty and silent as if frozen. That was how they looked at home during the civil war. Only here, on the spot, can one realize the meaning of that capitalist catastrophe which is called the industrial crisis.

We were put ashore at one of the huge shipyards, where 7,000 workers used to be employed. Now only about 800 are engaged there. But even these workers, who are exceptionally highly skilled, are kept going only with great effort. At present they are working eight hours a day, but very soon the working day and the working week will be shortened, with corresponding reductions in wages. Why? Because there is no work. There is a crisis. All the workers wear tarpaulin overalls—their own; they are not provided by the employers.

In the sheet-iron department the different processes of preparing iron are carried on. The equipment is very old. We had this sort of equipment forty years ago, but now most of it has been scrapped.

The machine shops occupy a tremendous area. There are many lathes here, doomed to idleness on account of lack of work. Only in one corner of the huge workshop are the lathes working. We notice gearing that was got rid of long ago in the best Leningrad works as it was uneconomical and hindered the movement of the cranes.

We did not see anything new in the pattern shop—the usual benches. Some very simple patterns were being made by an ancient pattern maker. There were no young folks to be seen.

The workers wore very dirty clothes. Almost all of them had pipes in their mouths. The heads of the departments smoked cigars.

In the dinner hour we saw how uncomfortable the workers were. They ate standing at their lathes, amid all the noise and hurry. The better-off workers ate in the dining rooms at the shipyards.

As we left the shipyard, we saw opposite the head office several score painted booths, made of thin boards. They had tiny windows. We thought, in our simplicity, that they must be dog kennels or pigeon cotes. What was our surprise, then, to learn that they were summer 'cottages' rented by some of the better-off workers.

When we had finished the inspection of the shipyard, we sailed away in the launch to our *Abkhazia*. After a good dinner we went to see the sights of Hamburg. The trade delegation gave us a guide to show us around.

From the port, dark, narrow streets led to the centre of the town. We divided up into groups of twenty, each with a leader. There were fifteen groups. Sometimes the groups collided with each other, and then, together with the German Young Communists who were trying to explain things to us, we presented a whole procession. People turned to look at us in astonishment; others ran out of shops to see what had happened.

And we were something to look at! There were young lads and lasses among us, and grown-up men and women, and old gray-headed people,

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all differently dressed. Some wore ordinary caps or hats, some caps with shiny peaks. The women wore red kerchiefs and shawls on their heads, Soviet fashion. Some were in shoes, others in high Russian boots. We all had Soviet badges in our buttonholes, and we held our heads high and smoked our Soviet cigarettes.

Yes, with heads held high we walked through the streets of Hamburg. After all, we had come to visit the workers of Germany in our own ship and not just anyhow. We had come to the German workers—not as slaves, but as the masters of our country, the land of the Soviet that is building up socialism. The sense of their own dignity could be seen even in the way our folks walked. I was not surprised, therefore, that the policemen were unusually polite, even when we crossed the streets at points where it was not allowed. They did not stop us, but the traffic. The policemen held up their white-gloved hands, and all buses, motor-cars, and bicycles stopped to let us pass.

We saw streets flooded with light, electric signs, arresting placards. We saw the great windows of smart shops with wax figures in them and live people, too, who took the place of the wax figures. There was everything that science could invent, everything for every need, for eating or wearing. In some windows hung the carcasses of pigs or oxen beautifully done up. The pork shops and confectioneries were loaded with every delicacy. The drapery and shoe shops were full of goods. Everything shone, everything had a price on it, from the cheapest to the dearest. There was plenty of everything—shops, and goods, and salesmen.

Only one thing was absent—customers. We walked about 'free' Hamburg all day, for many a long mile, but we never saw a customer. And it was easy enough to understand why: the crisis had deprived scores of thousands of workers of their wages and therefore of their purchasing power.

Germans from the Young Communist League and other organizations were waiting for us at the quay. The police were really alarmed this time at the behavior of the unemployed, who tried to show their friendliness to us. . . . Many of them were hungry; our shock-brigade workers shared their sandwiches with them. They devoured them like starving people.

In the evening I went round the town with a few comrades and a German stevedore, a Communist, who had been unloading our boat. This man took us to a little room, and told us how the stevedores' union was carried on. He showed us various cards and forms. From there we went to the working-class district, where he was well-known for his work in the trade union and the party.

It was cold and pouring rain, yet, in spite of the weather, on either side of the street women were standing. They were of all ages, and wore all kinds of clothes, but all had painted lips. One of them, a timid, neglected woman, glanced about, searching for a customer. Others, bolder, would tug at the sleeve of some passer-by, offering themselves for sale. . . .

We got to the home of a worker-Communist who had been eleven months out of work. It was on the second floor. We were warmly welcomed. As soon as the inhabitants of

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the flat knew why we had come, they revealed to us all the miseries of the German worker's life. It was a small flat of three tiny rooms. The floor was uneven and rotting. We went up to the attic where people had been driven, by poverty and need, to live. The roof let in the light, the wind, and the rain.

'This is supposed to be a good flat,' we were told. 'As a rule the rooms and dwellings of the workers are much worse.'

V. SHILLIN

Five of us Young Communists went for a stroll around the working-class district of Hamburg. A German house-painter came with us. He took us into slums beside which even our old 'Prolomka' would look like a fine, clean district.

In one of the narrow lanes we went straight from the street through an open door into a room that looked like a barn. It was furnished with a bed, a table, and two chairs. We were warmly greeted by a man and a woman, both still young. The wife, Maria, wanted to run out to buy something for us with what was probably her last penny. We would not let her go. We stayed there talking for a whole hour. They told us how terribly hard it was for workers to live in Hamburg.

We made our way along the market gardens, now quiet, that surround the town. The dark, silent outlines of huts became more frequent. At the door of one of the huts we stopped. A young man lifted the latch and let us into a very chilly room. In a moment a candle was lit and we could see a small room. There was nothing but wooden benches and a small table in it. In huts like these live paupers, petty thieves, prostitutes, and unemployed workers who cannot afford to pay rent for flats.

We returned to the *Abkhazia*. We were silent all the way, oppressed by what we had seen.

G. BEBCHUK

The restaurants vie with each other in attracting customers. Prostitution is developed to a very great extent in Hamburg. Hardly any female labor is employed on account of the great number of men out of work. When women do work, they earn very little. A shopgirl gets from 35 to 40 marks a month.

Another instance of bourgeois culture: At a fair we observed the following 'turn.' Behind a barrier stood two beds. On one of them lay a man covered with a blanket; on the other, a woman. Above the beds was a shooting target. If a shot hit the mark the woman (or the man) fell out of bed—the woman being dressed only in an undergarment.

After three days in Hamburg our boat sailed to Naples, 1,211 miles away.

All three movie men were lying down sick. What was to be done? Who was going to film the storm and our ship's fight with it? It upset me to think of it. I made a resolution: 'It's got to be filmed, come what may!'

No sooner said than done, and done in best shock-brigade style. I got hold of an energetic lad and together we persuaded one of the camera men to get to work. We picked up the camera and the straps. To climb up to the bridge in this strong wind was an

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almost impossible feat. We could not keep on our feet. So we crawled, dragging the camera and the tripod after us. With great difficulty we put the camera in position. We had to twist our legs round the hand rail so as not to be thrown down by the wind. We held on to the camera with all our might. We fastened the operator tight with straps. The boat was tossed about like a cockleshell. Sometimes the waves swept over our heads. . . . But we got what we wanted. The storm had been filmed. Wet to the skin, we crawled back to our cabins.

Comrade Zatuchni looked through his binoculars and called out:—

'Come and have a look, boys. See that shore—it's Africa. There's an elephant. See its tail wagging? Over there, near the rocks, look!'

Some were caught and put up their glasses. Everybody was laughing and joking. Some houses on the shores of Spain were visible. Near the houses, gardens and fields were divided up into narrow strips.

'Must belong to individual farmers, I suppose,' someone remarked.

About dinner time the sun was scorching. There were happy faces all round. The younger folks went up on the upper deck with cushions and blankets. They lay down in shorts to take a sun bath.

Two lectures were given in the open air. These aimed at exchanging the experience of the shock-brigade workers. The first to speak was one of our best workers from the Stalin works in Leningrad, Comrade Shillin. He related how he had struggled for a Soviet Diesel engine that would be just as good as the foreign ones. Then Comrade Romanov from the Moscow 'Sickle and Hammer' works described how the rolling mill won for itself the first place in the works and was awarded the Red Banner.

All the shock-brigade workers took an active part in the life of the boat. As soon as ever a lecture, a meeting, or a conference was announced our comrades turned up to a man in ten minutes. Attendance was always 100 per cent. There were no idle folks on board. We all had something to do.

Only Ilyusha and the barber were hanging about doing nothing. But they caught it, all right. We 'tried' them for neglecting their duties. This attracted the attention of all the passengers. There was plenty of laughter during the 'trial.'

We sailed through the Straits. The red flags on the *Abkhazia* streamed out on the breeze. We passed some small islands. One of them was a deportation island. Our friends, those who fought for the freedom of the working class of Italy, drag out their lives here. This island did not resemble the neighboring ones, to which the world's bourgeoisie go to enjoy themselves in palaces and gay villas. The island of the exiled revolutionaries looked dead.

The 'free' Italian citizens standing about on the quay eyed us curiously. The police, fussy and anxious, tramped up and down the quay. The workers stood about in small groups and, watchful of the Fascists, were afraid to smile at us.

The local colony and the trade delegation welcomed us. And then a car drove up and the Fascists stepped aside. A tall man got out. He was dressed in a gray suit and wore a wide-brimmed black hat.

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'Who's that? Is n't it Maxim Gorki? Looks like him—'

We all rushed to the stern. A loud voice cried, 'Long live Maxim Gorki!' and a friendly hurrah thundered out over the quay and the shore.

All the Italians on the quay rushed toward the place where Gorki was standing, but the police drove them off the quay. Gorki was visibly excited. He rubbed his hands. All sorts of questions were hurled at him from the boat.

When Gorki and the other guests from the trade delegation came up the gangway they were met by the excursion bureau. A short meeting was held on the upper deck. First the chairman of the delegation spoke and then Gorki.

Alexei Maximovich took off his hat and, obviously agitated, began:—

'Comrades, there has never been such an occasion as this in my life. When I see you, the vanguard, the best shock-brigade workers of the Soviet Union, I can't find words to express my joy. We are living through great times now, and you are the heroes, you who are bringing miracles to pass. . . .' His voice quivered, and tears shone in his eyes.

This short, sincere address touched all of us. Then the shock-brigade workers replied. Comrade Bogdanov introduced me to Maxim Gorki. I gave him a copy of my book, *The Birth of a Workshop*. At the same time the two old friends, Gorki and the Leningrad shock-brigade worker, Shillin, met.

A. Salov

We embraced each other warmly. Our eyes, full of tears, expressed what words were powerless to do, what could only be felt. For I had known Gorki as a youth, in the gloomy days of Tsarism. It was from his works that I had learned to fight for freedom. Sitting behind prison bars, I had read his 'Stormy Petrel' and sung his song, 'Damp and lonely is my dungeon.' Beginning from 1905 I had, together with him, worked for the common cause. And so on right up to the October Revolution, in which a whole generation of the best revolutionaries lost their lives . . .

And now here was Gorki, and here was I—in a strange land, thousands of miles from our own country.

V. Shillin

We strolled along the quay to the public gardens, passing an ancient, half-ruined fortress on the way. Groups of monks and young priests in long black cassocks with white collars and wide capes were frequent, but almost no working people. Everyone we met was a young priest, or an old one hardly able to move for fat, or else a policeman.

A. Salov

We saw a group of Sisters of Mercy with stiff white aprons and kerchiefs. Our group leader explained to us that in Italy there is one priest to every fifteen persons. Every priest is 'allotted' a group of families. He knows their lives in and out. A woman must go at least once a week to confession. Here, under pain of chastisement by 'Almighty God,' she must tell the priest all that goes on in the family, and especially what her husband or her friends are doing, whether they attend any illegal meetings, and what they say about this or that government measure. This was not Ham-

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burg; there were no Communists about. In Italy the Communist Party works in dead secret. Membership in it is punished as a crime—with a sentence ranging from five years to life imprisonment.

G. Bebchuk

In the best streets the asphalt was polished by the tires of numerous motor-cars. Here and there one saw a policeman standing on a small raised platform. He held a white baton (in European style) for directing the traffic. In spite of the fact that Naples has existed as a city for 2,000 years, its traffic seemed to us 'barbarous,' extremely backward and Asiatic. It had nothing in common with that of either the U. S. S. R. or Europe. There were little gigs, and cabs of various kinds, and flat carriages like platforms that seated six persons. For carrying heavy loads there were carts with two wheels the height of a man.

Asses and horses variously harnessed trailed up and down the streets. Swift cars passed by. Motor-lorries raced past carts with lumbering cart horses. . . . One could study the successive stages of the development of transportation here—from the primitive conveyances of ancient times to modern, civilized methods.

There were plenty of trams in Naples. Many of them ran close to the sidewalk and this was extremely perilous for pedestrians. The streets were full of the rattle of carts, the cries of drivers, the creaking of primitive, two-wheeled carts, the bells of trams, the hooting of motor-cars, and the crack of whips. How different from the streets of Hamburg! The street discipline in Naples was more in the Russian style. No fines were imposed, although we saw many notices indicating traffic rules.

After spending some time in the best quarters we got to the old town. What a difference! Narrow, tortuous streets, full of the poorest people. People sat about or strolled up and down near their dwellings. There were masses of ragged children everywhere. Dirt and rubbish were thrown straight from the windows into the street. The passer-by had to keep his eyes open. Both children and young lads begged and annoyed passers-by. They besought one for money and cigarettes. If one gave them a cigarette a whole new herd of children would appear.

What astonished us most of all was the washing. Except in the most aristocratic parts of Naples, lines of washing hung the length and breadth of the streets. What a disgusting sight! It was everywhere, under the windows, on the balconies, on ropes, on poles, on wires. Night and day. Even during demonstrations, none of our towns would ever be so profusely decorated with posters and flags as Naples was with ragged washing. And this in the hottest, sunniest, southern weather, in a place where there is no winter.

V. Shillin

We had a great desire to go and see for ourselves how the Italian workers lived. We broke up into small groups and wandered about the town. We went up narrow streets, six or seven feet wide. The houses were five or six stories high. In spite of the warm weather it was damp.

Apparently these streets were never cleaned. Ragged, barefoot children

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played about among the rubbish heaps. There was no other place for them, no gardens or parks. Neither children nor grown-ups had a chance to breathe fresh air or to feel the warm sunshine. They lived in dark, crowded rooms. We went into a worker's flat. It was a squalid place. In a niche in the wall stood several images and 'holy' pictures. A lamp or two burned before them day and night. They took the place of electric light, which the worker could not afford. People lived, crowded together like insects, in these streets. A hand-to-mouth existence.

We went on farther. It was difficult to start conversation. We did not feel quite ourselves.

'What are you so thoughtful about, comrade?' said someone. 'You'll miss the "heavenly kingdom" that way.'

He was right. At every street corner there was a picture of the 'Blessed Virgin' or 'Christ' with a lamp burning before it.

We were surrounded by 'angels.' This earthly 'branch office' of the 'heavenly kingdom' amused us and put us in a better humor.

Women here were like slaves. Starvation had driven many of them to the brothels, which are nominally illegal in Italy.

We took no notice of the spy who was shadowing us. We went from street to street. Everywhere the same picture of misery. We should have liked to have stayed longer, to have spoken a few words to the Italian workers, as we did in Hamburg. But here it was impossible.

We only saw the drawn, yellow faces looking at us inquiringly, as much as to say, 'Who are you?'

And whenever we whispered, '*Russo laborito*' ('*Russian worker*'), their eyes followed us eagerly, and they waved their hands stealthily to us. They could not understand how it came about that workers of the Soviet Union were walking about freely in a land where Fascism and Catholicism raged.

We felt sorry that we were unable to tell our brothers, the Italian workers, how we are living in the first Soviet country and how, led by the Communist Party, we are building socialism.

A. Salov

We went into a worker's flat. It was damp, dark, and dirty. There was a kerosene lamp for light. The streets were so narrow that two carts could not pass each other. Almost all the houses had stone floors. The children were all thin, with pale, waxen faces. Tuberculosis takes a heavy toll of the inhabitants in these districts.

Many of the children we saw were deformed—hunchbacked, crippled, or suffering from rickets. Not only children, either; there were plenty of bow-legged, lame, and dwarfed grown-up people to be seen in the streets.

In the daytime the streets were alive with hawkers. They had asses harnessed to carts laden with vegetables and other produce, and their shrill cries filled the whole street. Whenever someone made a sign from the window of the third or fourth floor, the hawker would stop. A basket with money in it would be let down on a rope. The salesman would put the vegetables in the basket and it would be drawn up again.

V. Sokolov

The last day of our stay in Naples—and only to-day did we get a chance to

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see the Italian factories. We visited a locomotive and aëroplane factory that employs 1,600 workers.

There were no automatic lathes to be seen there. The gearing that has been done away with nearly everywhere at home was in full swing here. The equipment of the forge, the foundry, and the spring shop was quite old. There was no ventilation and no safety devices. But everything was very clean; there was no scrap or rubbish lying around. Smoking was forbidden.

We were astonished to find only young people working in the machine shop. One of our party decided that it must be a technical school.

'No,' said one of our comrades. 'The capitalists find it unprofitable to employ grown-up workers. They try to exploit the young lads as far as possible. They get them much cheaper.'

The engineer tried to take us round as quickly as possible.

There was absolutely no chance to speak to the workers. They soon got to know that we were Soviet workers, however, and they tried to show their approval stealthily, from behind the lathes.

The annual production of this factory is 30 railway cars, 20 locomotives, and 300 aëroplanes. A worker is paid on an average 370 lire (less than $20) a month. The working day is ten hours.

From there we went to the Neapolitan Textile Mill. There were only 5,000 instead of the normal 10,000 workers. They work exclusively for stock. The owner of the factory showed us the stock rooms, chock-full of bales of goods. That was one of the consequences of the crisis, the deadly disease of capitalism.

We were urged on at a good pace through the mill. The management did not desire to answer many of the questions we put and that hindered us from forming a complete picture of conditions in the factory. The engineer from the Trekhgorny works, Comrade Shelekhov, said that the factory was much better equipped than our old ones, but that the new factories built lately in the U. S. S. R. were far ahead of these.

One incident served to show us the real state of affairs in the mill. One girl, evidently only a learner, could not manage the thread. The forewoman noticed this and, in spite of the fact that strangers were present, gave the girl a resounding smack on the face.

One of our Young Communist girls from Ivanovo-Voznesensk caught sight of a loom like hers in a corner of the workshop. She wanted to show that she could work as well as the Italian girl. She went up to the loom, and the Italian gave up her place, first breaking off the thread.

Our shock-brigade girl started working and managed the loom so well that they all admired her. She worked a few minutes, shook hands with the Italian worker, and went away.

Seventy-five per cent of the workers in this mill were women and girls. Spinners and weavers got from thirty to forty cents a day. Many looms were decorated with images or 'holy' pictures. The Italian priests carry on a great deal of propaganda in the factories.

A calm, warm evening. Three hours remained until the departure of the *Abkhazia*. Two motor-cars drove up to the quay. Maxim Gorki and our

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Soviet ambassador, Kurski, had come to see us off. Our party gathered in the second-class hall for a meeting. Comrade Kurski made a speech on our relations with Italy. Then Comrade Vigalok summed up the results of our visit to Italy and read out the shock-brigade workers' address to Maxim Gorki:—

'Comrade Maxim Gorki!

'We, the shock-brigade workers of the biggest factories and works in the Soviet Union, on our departure from Italy, tender you our greetings. We were awarded a trip abroad for good work in fulfilling the Production and Financial Plan. Here, far from the Soviet Union, we have become convinced once more of the rightness of our Communist Party and of our work. In the short space of time that we spent in capitalist countries we have seen with our own eyes the full extent of the social contradictions in the capitalist system and all the horrors of the crisis it has brought on itself.

'We have seen whole armies of police and priests, guarding the pillars of capitalism. We were reminded of what we went through ourselves in Tsarist Russia. And once more we felt the joy of the victory of October 1917 and the consciousness that we were the masters in our own country. Here on the territory of the capitalistic West we met you, Alexei Maximovich, you who were one of the best fighters for the cause that we all serve. We shall never forget your kindness to us. You stayed with us all the time we were in Naples, and we felt that you were our great friend and elder comrade.

'In saying farewell, we want to assure you that, when we get back to our own socialist country, we shall fight with still greater energy, under the guidance of our glorious Communist Party, for the cause of socialism, for the rapid construction of socialism.

'We shall fight with all our might against tendencies to deviate from the path laid down for us by Lenin and his party.

'Hearty greetings to you, Alexei Maximovich! Long live the heroic working class of the Soviet Union that produced that great fighter for its cause, Maxim Gorki! Long live the cause for which we are fighting and which will be victorious throughout the world!'

Alexei Maximovich spoke and then the shock-brigade workers.

'I want to return to the U. S. S. R. a member of the Communist Party,' announced Comrade Vassiliev, the gray-headed worker from the Red Triangle.

An old woman worker from Ivanovo-Voznesensk said with tears in her eyes:—

'Comrades! I saw the slums of Naples and the terrible conditions under which workers in capitalist countries live. I don't want to stay outside the party any longer. I ask to be taken into the party!'

There are plain, simple words so natural that they trouble the soul. And it was just such words that we heard from the lips of twelve shock-brigade workers who announced, one after the other, their intention of joining the party.

To the tune of the 'International,' to shouts of 'Long live the Soviet Embassy in Italy!' 'Long live Maxim Gorki!' we put off from Naples.

A. Salov

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We sailed into the Black Sea. A cold north wind and a slight rocking drove us down to our cabins.

V. SHILLIN

'Comrades, the shore—the Soviet Union!' We all rushed up to get a glimpse of a dark line of shore on the horizon.

'In two hours we'll be in Odessa,' announced the captain.

The crew decorated the *Abkhazia* with flags. Two launches came out to greet us. One of them was a military boat, in the other were workers and a band. The *Abkhazia* slowed down. Everybody came up on the top deck. The towboat called out, 'Long live the Odessa workers!' A long, loud 'Hurrah' from our side. The band played a march.

The movie man climbed up on the mast, and turned the camera on the visitors boarding our boat. We approached the quay. Several thousand workers with banners and flags and a Red Army guard of honor were waiting there. Our hearts beat furiously. We were coming at last to our own shores. The folks on the shore shouted, 'Long live the shock-brigade workers of the Soviet Union! Hurrah!'

The chairman of the Odessa town soviet opened the meeting. He asked us to help them to raise the level of work in some of the factories, where the programme had not been fulfilled. We were welcomed by German, British, and Italian sailors.

After the meeting we broke up into groups and went round the factories making speeches. We told the workers our impressions of the countries we had seen, and about the lives of the workers in those countries. In the evening a big meeting of the Odessa workers and the shock-brigade workers was held in the State Opera Theatre.

Next day, after seeing the sights of Odessa, we said farewell to the crew who had conducted the *Abkhazia* through six seas, and done it well.

Ilyusha and the barber cried. They were not offended that we had 'tried' them for their lack of discipline. They had also become shock-brigade workers. They thanked us for showing them how to work in shock-brigade style.

It is only when one sees the living conditions of workers in the capitalist countries that one begins to value, properly, our Soviet Union. We work for ourselves, and they—for the capitalists. There is a wonderful future before us; theirs is a life without any hope. When one sees how the German and Italian workers have to humble themselves before their exploiters, one remembers some of the lazy grumblers and deserters here, and thinks, 'It would be a good thing to send people like you, who only spoil the production plan, abroad, to work under capitalist conditions for a couple of months!'

After seeing the way one man exploits another abroad I want to shout to the whole U. S. S. R.:—

'Comrades! Let us redouble our efforts! Let us fight still harder to exceed the Production and Financial Programme for the third year of the Five-Year Plan! Let us be watchful of our enemies, of the *kulak*, the wrecker, the interventionist, and of their agents. Let us close our ranks around our leader, the Communist Party, and its Leninist Central Committee!'

A. SALOV

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One German winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature hails the seventieth birthday of another and compares him to Goethe. Then comes a French critic who puts Jules Romains on a par with Tolstoi now that the fourth volume of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* is out.

Two Titans *of Our* Time

A Franco-German Rhapsody

I. To Gerhart Hauptmann

By Thomas Mann

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

'Art brings favor.' This is a simple, unequivocal phrase, a proverb of the people. It is possible that after the many wise and lofty speeches to which our dearly beloved guest has listened during these weeks of birthday festivities he might be pleased to find the multitudinous versions of the Gerhart Hauptmann theme reduced to their simplest form. It might gratify him to hear his life, with all its blessings and all the love and homage that it attracts, including our present hour of tribute, described by this childlike rhyme: 'Kunst bringt Gunst'—'Art brings favor.'

For in reality the phrase defines and explains his life, his position, and his popularity more exactly and more happily than any other current expression of praise. We have met to honor a human spirit that represents not an ordinary, arbitrary kind of artistic expression, but a natural and organic projection of art; a creative nature, producing art and art form as spontaneously as it breathes, a nature whose thoughts, experiences, emotions, and passions become concrete, assume plastic aspects. Somewhere, in replying to a tribute, Hauptmann himself said that from the subjective point of view he attributes little merit to his work, to his

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life accomplishment, which seems to us so extraordinary. 'You honor me,' he said, 'but I have done only what seemed most natural to me. The dramatic representation of human beings was simply the form in which my spirit most adequately performed its functions; it was almost a physiological process, an automatic fulfillment of my living.' In these words he expresses a certain astonishment over the admiration evoked by his simple, tempered formulation of life; he displays a childish lack of understanding of the measure of good will that his life has aroused among his own people and throughout the world. This good will, however, is primarily and especially shown by the German people, whose reputation is not always one of constant inner harmony; yet from our northern border to the south, from east to west our people have been planning for weeks on end festivities and celebrations in honor of this seventy-year-old man. These ceremonies are indicative of a deep and peculiar sympathy existing between this poet and the popular character.

II

Is it possible to call the Germans a particularly artistic people in comparison with other nations? I should not venture to make such a claim. It may be that the combination of sensuality and spirituality which is characteristic of the French nature is more akin than the German to the Greek ideal and to the artistic concept. In any case, the art of the word in itself never assumes in German consciousness such an important rôle as in France, where literature is a national art. In Germany the national art is undoubtedly music. It is only to music that this nation feels a fundamentally cordial relationship; thus one could say that even in the other arts a creative person must always, in one way or another, fashion music in order to gain the approval of Germans. Nevertheless, we are faced by the fact that the seventieth birthday of a poet, a dramatist, a sculptor of words, challenges the whole nation and becomes the occasion for festivities the like of which, in my opinion, has never yet been prepared in Germany for any musician. I do not think that I am falsifying matters when I maintain that it is difficult to imagine even one of the most famous of our musical geniuses the centre of a triumphal journey such as Hauptmann has recently made through German-speaking territory, with the participation of all classes and all ages of the population, of academic youth, and of the workers.

Does this show that poetry, this most intellectual art, the art of the most intellectual medium, possesses a unifying power stronger even than that of music? Are we witnessing the triumph of a higher degree of articulation, of the humanly immediate, consciously moral, and compulsory values of existence? This may be so, yet such an explanation still accounts in too general terms for Hauptmann's place in the esteem of the German people.

Their favor has been shown him only in his complete manifestation as the purest and most uncontaminated source of form, as one born to create, one who, even in his earliest days as a disciple of the art of verbal expression, never fell into the snare of that speech which is the beginning of error.

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For Hauptmann did not speak in his own guise, but let life itself talk with the tongues of changing, active human beings. He was neither a man of letters nor a rhetorician, neither an analyst nor a formal dialectician; his dialectic was that of life itself; it was human drama, form incarnate. He was not deliberately clever. But whenever he moved his hand he brought forth living beings of flesh and blood. He is a masterly poet, and the greatest dramatist of our day. His emergence in our era gives proof of the imperishable nature of art as a natural medium of expression, as thought incorporated in shapes and pictures; it cannot disappear from our world, for it is one of the primitive phenomena of the earth, and we are assured of its mythical resurrection, although there is no dearth of voices in our time proclaiming more or less figuratively the ending and the death of art.

Our era is loquacious. One may say that its frenzy in discussion, its passion for self-exploration, and its tendencies toward internal dissension have developed so far as to endanger its existence. The condition of the times, the question of what values hold significance for this age and, in particular, what values have lost their meaning for it are matters which are mulled over everywhere, in an intricate confusion of ideas, by those who rule and by those who are ruled, by young and old, on the radio and in the press and among the people at large. It is a type of discussion that destroys whatever is in process of evolution. It reminds one of the unusually expressive phrase in the criminal code, 'a crime against embryonic life.' One might really wish for an emergency decree prohibiting all analyses of our era during a period of ten years, so that we could at last begin to live decently!

We may be shamed yet comforted by the contrast between this pseudo-critical turbulence and the silent existence of art, of productive force in its dignity, of form in its essence. For the power of art lies in its capacity to create not only forms, but *form;* form evoked by its offspring and master, presenting itself as poetic form. And at this point we see revealed the special and peculiar artistic sense that distinguishes the German people—a sense of Being, of innerness, of essential form. To form and its tranquil dignity the German people address their trust, their feeling of affirmation, their reverential affection; and this intimate sort of respect and love is, in Goethe's words, closely akin to art. Hauptmann has not spoken, but has created; his genius for the plastic preserved him firmly, kindly, and wisely from falling a prey to error and misconception, to half truths and discords of opinion. He has kept himself uncontaminated by party quarrels; he has been cognizant yet uncomplicated, like art itself. Because of all this he has attracted the favor of his people, and his countenance has taken on the fatherly yet regal aspect, the familiar monumental quality, for which the German heart yearns and in which the German people see the realization of their dreams.

III

It must be admitted that considerable time has been necessary to bring about this popular recognition; it has required the struggles of almost the entire span of a human life and an

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artist's life. If to be a human being is to be a fighter, then the artist, whose task is to discipline the world, who is the mythical conqueror of the dragon of chaos, is the epitome of human conflict, and thus doubly a fighter. It was as a fighter that Hauptmann appeared upon the scene, and a fighter he has remained—a revolutionary artist who affronted many staid old æsthetic customs and provoked scorn and stiff opposition. He began his work in the 'eighties, which were a period of new literary currents in Germany; the era of decadence had been overwhelmed by the demands of form and by social concepts which were the property of a young, impetuous, and exacting generation and to which the term 'naturalism' came to be applied.

Was Gerhart Hauptmann a naturalist? Certainly his origins were in this school, his creative activity had its roots in a naturalistic conception of art, and he is bound by many intellectual ties to the sphere of suffering, to the gloomy aspects of life, to protest and accusation, and he is committed to a morality of ugliness. But to a greater extent than his contemporaries this particular naturalist was an artist, a purifier who manipulated and illuminated the dark, inert mass of nature. He was nature's affectionate redeemer. The picture of the vermin-covered tramp, Jau, who, intoxicated and joyously confused about his identity, dreams of a gigantic brandy cask from which 'thousands upon thousands of butterflies are drinking,' is indicative of our poet's urge to fuse misery with poetry, to show the germinating seed of beauty in the midst of brutal wretchedness. By reason of his gift of language, the material of his work was poetically ennobled from the beginning; his language possessed awareness as well as mystery, and, even in the form of native dialects, even when it seemed to trip and stammer, it was art and there were in it hidden rhythm and concealed unity. A mere naturalist would not have written the proudly striding iambics of *Der Arme Heinrich* nor the tradition-haunted hexametres of the German epic of Till.

Hauptmann won the German people over to naturalism, an artistic tendency that had penetrated Germany from abroad, from Russia and France; he did this by transposing it into German terms, by combining it with poetic content that the Germans recognized as the stuff of their own souls, by using it in idyllic representations of the Elbe country, in enchanted dream tales, with characters of knightly uprightness, fidelity, and strength. In short, he transformed naturalism into a phenomenon genial and at the same time scientific in the light of modern social values; he made of it a terribly realistic yet artistically melodious and almost balladlike popular art, a manifestation both of world-wide and of native significance, presenting simultaneously the two faces pointed out by Goethe, the European and the German.

When *Fuhrmann Henschel*, *Rose Bernd*, and *Die Ratten* appeared, the public was inclined to consider them experimental efforts along the lines of a tendency that was still a subject of controversy. To-day we regard them from a different angle, no longer viewing them as experiments in literature but as folk dramas, and indeed as the most powerful dramas and the richest in daringly and compassionately con-

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ceived human values that have been written in Germany and perhaps anywhere in the world. Much is being attempted in the same vein to-day, yet if we examine other dramas we see that they follow Hauptmann's pattern; let us trust that the Bruckners and Brechts realize that they owe to Hauptmann the best of their achievement. His works will never disappear from our theatres; they will remain, not only because they are forceful plays, but primarily because the society of the future will adopt these songs of truth and popular legend, absorbing them as spirit of its spirit, blood of its blood.

IV

Hauptmann the socialist! This honorable title, of purest, heart-deep meaning when it refers to Hauptmann, will always cling to him. His socialism was not a thing of manifestos, of theories, of intellectual criticism, but of emotion, of penetration into the aspiration and unredeemed beauty of the lowly in life. It was not a product of hate, but of love. This fact has brought him the good will that shall be his through all the shifting circumstances of time and the changing structure of the world. It was he who raised Hannele Mattern up from her poor straw bed and bore her in arms of compassion to blessed heights of recompense. And it was he who caused Kramer's unfortunate boy, the loathsome, malicious hunchback, to be glorified and overwhelmingly vindicated in death as the 'master creation of immortal love.'

Again it is evident that this is not a socialism of programmes. It has a poetic indirectness, a quality of latency that Goethe characterized when he said of himself that he never fought against things at close quarters but confined himself to touching their surface gently. Hauptmann represents art, which appeals to the deeper spiritual strata more than any overt challenge. Strangely enough, he also represents love of suffering, affirmation of suffering, which seems to him beautiful and sacred, and which he prefers to happiness because he knows that sorrow more nearly approaches the divine; therefore he is never weary of investigating and celebrating it. Yet every sympathetic mind must perceive and acknowledge from his portrayals that in the Christian character of this homage to sorrow there is a living spiritual and social will to bring about a better, happier, lovelier, and healthier world.

Nietzsche said that Goethe's psychological position lay somewhere between piety and the Greek outlook. Whether one attributes it to the transmission of a particular mould of personality, to natural succession, or to a repetition of phenomena, Hauptmann's position in the realm of the spiritual is like Goethe's. Elements of pious spiritual training and the Christian cult of suffering unite in him with a pagan affirmation of life, of the body, of beauty and well-being, of delight in living, making a unity that is highly personal and devoid of internal contradictions. Is not this mixture of tenderness and robustness, of Christianity and paganism, a reproduction and a succession even in Goethe? Is it not a heritage from Luther? The cross, death, and the tomb, on the one hand, and wine, women, and song on the other—these coexist in a certain great German

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type, whose return among us stimulates, quite comprehensibly, national festivals of recognition. The 'Greek springtime' flowered in dramas that were shadowed by the cross, yet no one was amazed. Nor was I surprised when Hauptmann told me one day that the thoroughly Christlike conception of *Quint* was only a fragment, a half concept. He intended to write a Dionysiac continuation of *Quint*. He did not write it, for not all buds of dream attain mature bloom. But in place of the Dionysiac sequel we have *Der Ketzer von Soana* and *Die Insel der grossen Mutter*.

V

These are products of his later life, and they lead one to observe that joy and affirmation of living have, with the passage of years, more and more strongly colored and influenced the original ascetic personality of our poet, and that the Greek element in his make-up is gathering force and advancing ever more blithely into the foreground of his life. This man was diminutive and ailing as a boy; no one would have foretold with much conviction that he would reach a ripe age; he himself never believed that the frail and sorrowful tree of his life would become a spreading, wide-branched oak. Recently, at a banquet given in his honor by the writers of Berlin, he told how at the age of seventeen he had felt himself too old to change his profession. At forty, when he wrote *Kaiser Karls Geisel*, he considered himself an old man and intended, with this play, to bid farewell to love and life. And again, in a poem, he departed this life, figuratively speaking. This poem was *Indipohdi* and was meant to be a testament, a farewell gesture. Yet despite everything he has reached the age of seventy; he is still alive, mysteriously prolonged and developed. And now that we can really refer to him in terms of age on the basis of the years that have passed, he enjoys with a firm and grateful mind these harmonious hours of his life, and stands with both feet planted more solidly upon the earth than in his youth and middle age. In such curious ways are men guided, was his own final reflection.

Yes, but not all men. Not every human life shames itself and its faint-hearted incredulity by such growth and achievement. To make of life a continuous process of acquiring strength; to emerge from a state of timid abstention to one of abundance and joy, of great health, of great affirmation, there is need of special grace, of special benediction. The occurrence of the phenomenon in such happy proportions is perhaps possible only in terms of an artist's life.

Yes, at this point, and not without fearfulness, we touch upon the essential secret of art. This man grew as if nurtured by springs; the rings of his tree of life spread ever more sturdily, and dignity and richness of living became his portion in old age. From what source did constantly renewed streams of strength and persistent courage flow into his life, if not from the realm of plastic form to which he has been consistently loyal, from the happiness and innocence of creative activity, from the soil of life-dispensing art? Truly, art has bestowed upon him all its proverbial favor; moreover, it has brought him the grace of perfection, the majesty of age, the grace of life and immortality.

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II. A Tolstoi of Our Time

By René Lalou

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*, Paris Literary and Political Monthly

SOME months ago, when the first six hundred pages of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* appeared, the author, Jules Romains, wrote as follows: 'I am bringing out to-day the first two volumes of what will probably be my principal work, in dimensions at any rate. These two volumes are to be followed at intervals that I shall try to make as regular as possible by a certain number of other volumes. (I am abstaining from mentioning a precise figure so as not to frighten anybody.) This work will be my principal one in respect to its content, too, I hope.'

Romains proposed, in effect, to depict in the form of an ample novel the movements of French life and thought during the last quarter of a century. It was an epoch so profoundly marked by the War that the years before and after that catastrophe do not seem to have any independent existence and are called respectively 'pre-war' and 'post-war.' One needs rugged courage to undertake such a synthesis, and Romains has therefore won both the attention and the sympathy of his readers. 'An effort such as I am attempting,' he declared, 'summons into existence the largest kind of human community, an immense comradeship.' It will be to the honor of modern criticism that it has responded so quickly and rallied so unanimously to greet the great work that is being born before our eyes.

For we should simply be asserting our right to pass free judgment if we were to admit that the failure of Romains would impoverish us all and if we affirmed that a whole generation is associated in his effort. All those who were exposed to the menace of war in their youth, who had hardly attained maturity when the storm broke, and who are still suffering the consequences of the conflict—all such people know that official history will never do them exact justice. It will cover all their heroism and failure and all their doubt and assurance with the same varnish of abstraction. It will take no account of those intimate debates that often provided their most precious thoughts. It will not be able to distinguish their ignorance from their lucidity, or their egotism from their generosity.

Only a psychologist of individuals and crowds, a novelist, a clear-sighted observer who has mastered his art can express this other reality and speak for those who are mute when historians confront them. And no modern writer is better qualified than Jules Romains through his earlier work to extend his representation of our time in such a way as to bear witness for us before posterity. Ever since we first read *6 Octobre* and *Crime de Quinette* we understood that we must have confidence in Romains as our delegate and as a man who would tell the whole truth.

We were soon justified in our opinion, for before the end of 1932 he published *Amours enfantines* and *Eros de Paris*. After finishing the fourth volume of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* he again addressed himself directly to his

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readers. 'The object of this first part,' he pointed out, 'has been to establish the largest possible contact between us and the epoch that served as our threshold.' In the 1,200 pages of his four first volumes the author invites us to 'a patient task of preliminary reconnoitring.' He explores from every angle and in the most diverse surroundings Parisian society as it existed during the last four months of the year 1908, when the possibility of catastrophe seemed terrifyingly clear to everybody. The final scene of this first part ends appropriately with a public meeting at which the voice of Jean Jaurès is translating the universal anxiety into words: 'The men of Europe are marching bent down under the burden of armed peace; and they do not know whether they are carrying war on their shoulders or the corpse of war.' It would be no exaggeration to say that *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* now promises to be the *War and Peace* of the twentieth century.

II

The French reader who tries to place the book in his national literature will feel the same excitement that the first fervent readers of Balzac's *Comédie humaine* or Hugo's *Misérables* must have experienced. A world opens out before him. Following a scheme that distorts reality as little as possible, Jules Romains has already presented such a crowd of characters that a list of them fills sixteen columns at the end of *Eros de Paris*. It is a significant assembly including great ladies and streetwalkers, aristocrats and proletarians. Joseph Caillaux appears between a student and a cashier. The bums of the rue Montmartre rub elbows with the pure Hélène Sigeau. With the sovereign suppleness of life they isolate themselves or set out for adventure, they expand or contract without recognizing each other, going their various ways or pursuing parallel careers. Their actions interlock, they recruit other actors and keep introducing a larger and larger circle. As for the way they stand out in relief and as for their faculty of impressing themselves on one's memory, ask any reader of this novel if he has forgotten the tender Juliette or the naïve Wazemmes; Allory, the critic, or Clanricard, member of the Institute; the child in the cradle or the Populist dog.

That the powerful author of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* still remains a poet is proved by those sumptuous interludes, those chapters of regrouping, those presentations of Paris at different hours of the day when it is a source or refuge of various human possibilities. All the critics have praised the perfect exactness and tingling beauty of these hymns, which are not so much isolated morsels as expansions of the story. This persistent incorporation of poetry into the narrative signalizes the essential difference between *La Comédie humaine* and *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* as far as general tone is concerned. It could also be said that the colors Romains uses are clearer than Balzac's precisely because lyricism, even when it is restrained, always flows over the edges of prose narrative. In the first part we have a full dose of his virtuosity at ramified composition whose rhythms suggest the technique of the cinema, and, on thinking it over, we admire the magnificent effort of will embodied in such a creation.

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But while we are actually reading we are seduced by the light touch of the creator, by the ease with which he lifts up and describes this microcosm. Behind the printed page we seem to hear his voice and we protest when he keeps silent. It is like the time of Homer, when listeners gathered around a bard.

III

Les Hommes de bonne volonté constantly suggests this idea of a modern epic in the way it sums up an epoch and in its extensive architecture and the fluidity of its style, which cries out to be read aloud. But an epic demands heroes, and the creator of Knock and Le Trouhadec has no trouble in inventing some that are highly representative. For instance, he merely had to make two versions of himself, to contrast the Parisian Romains with the Romains from Velay, in order to create the characters, Jallez and Jerphanion. The discussions between those two students at the École Normale reflect all the intellectual preoccupations of the young people of 1908 and at the same time incarnate two methods of seeking happiness. Nevertheless, clever as Romains is at weaving abstract thoughts into the tissue of his characters' lives, these fictitious creatures will find us more ready to believe in them when their experiences are subject to the control of a certain reality. The appearance of Jean Moréas in the Lilac Garden in *Eros de Paris* not only provides the occasion for an admirable portrait; it guarantees the authenticity of the conversation between the two young people on the poetry of their time.

The combination of historic characters with imaginary ones has always been a stumbling-block for novelists. Romains has succeeded perfectly in making them exist side by side because he knows how to recreate around men borrowed from history the atmosphere that made them unique and irreplaceable. The most striking instance of this kind is Jaurès. When Charles Péguy made a list of Victor Hugo's defects, he pointed out that Hugo was guilty of supreme deception in annexing the Emperor for, according to Péguy, in making himself Napoleon's spokesman he appropriated a quarter of a century during which the Emperor played no public rôle.

I do not pretend that Jules Romains has annexed Jean Jaurès in the same way, but he has made him necessary to the first part of his book in a more subtle manner. Jallez and Jerphanion, Clanricard and Sampeyre, the deputy, Gurau, and little Bastide all turn to this man who guided thousands of others—Jean Jaurès. Even while he was alive a legend surrounded him, and his tragic death made his stature increase. Jules Romains's epic has its hero, standing in the centre of the first part, the man whom so many people regarded as the conscience of humanity, the highest incarnation of the desire for peace on earth.

We now come to the heart of that famous *unanimisme* which hasty critics have laughed at or reviled, while Georges Duhamel, more justly, saw in it the source of a 'pathetic novelty.' Faithful to himself, Jules Romains declared in the preface of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* that he was undertaking 'a vast work of fiction that would express in movement and multiplicity, in detail and development, that phase of the modern world whose first ferments were celebrated in *La*

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Vie unanime.' I do not know how to indicate more clearly the connection between the symphonic novel of 1932 and the poems of 1908. The novel, *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, is an epic of the 'unanimous' life, and we perceive this more clearly when we analyze the two aspects of Jules Romains's *unanimisme*.

It is based, not on a philosophic theory, but on human experience. In describing a collective group, Romains does not confine himself to perceiving the relationships between individuals. He also depicts the comic or tragic relationships, avowed or unavowed, between individuals and groups. He picks up the exchanges and messages that pass between different groups like a spiritual radio programme. He has also won the right to say: 'One of my most ancient and constant cares has been to discover a method of composition that would enable us to escape our habit of focusing our vision on the individual.'

IV

Are we then to be astonished if, after twenty years of experience from which many writers, both French and foreign, have benefited, the author of *Copains* and *Mort de quelqu'un*, of *L'Armée dans la ville* and *Cromedeyre-le-vieil* has entered into full possession of his technique? In *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* the transitions from the individual to the collective group, the sudden dispersions and the returns to unity are not external proceedings but the spontaneous movements of a living organism. 'If you doubt unanimity, create it,' Romains once wrote. He has done better. He has revealed the spectacle of this creation to the most skeptical.

The individual remains, and with him that faith in man as the measure of all things which has remained the noblest Occidental ideal for centuries. Will the individual be sacrificed in this modern mythology of *unanimisme* that enables a novel to obtain epic dignity? Assuredly not. On the contrary, he will develop a new force in the certainty, according to Romains, that 'psychic reality is not an archipelago of solitudes.' Romains wrote a play called *The Dictator*. Give this word its full spiritual meaning and it will suggest the image of a leader who obliges a straggling crowd to remember its unity. Obviously nothing could be more hostile to conformity, nothing more fatal to the tyranny of state, class, and caste. What does all this hierarchy of chance weigh in the scales when the real task is to set up true human groups without any respect whatever for old social idols?

The proof is that Jean Jaurès dominates the crowd we see milling about in *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*. He unites intellectuals, sentimentalists, and sensualists and makes them all adhere to the idea of pure humanity. If I may speak of a dictatorship of genius, this is what Jules Romains has defined in this decisive formula: 'The individual cannot prevail indefinitely against humanity. All that he can hope for is to be right sooner than humanity.' The poet-novelist of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* will find in the knowledge of this double truth the strength to carry through to the end one of the most important works in our literature and one of the most significant monuments in that international literature which the year 1932 has dedicated to the memory of Goethe.

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André Gide has declared his allegiance to the doctrines of Communism. Here is his own statement followed by a typical Soviet essay in literary criticism.

Gide Goes Communist

An International Symposium

I. Confession of Faith

By André Gide

Translated from his *Journal* in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris Literary Monthly

THE Spanish revolution, the Vatican's fight against Fascism, the financial anguish in Germany, and, above all, the extraordinary Russian effort —these things all distract me imperiously from literature. I have just devoured Knickerbocker's book on the Five-Year Plan in two days. Half an hour to crawl down to the bottom of those coal mines that have no elevator, half an hour to climb out again. Five hours of work bent over in a stifling atmosphere. The exhausted peasant women desert, but the young men who have been formed by the new morality enroll with enthusiasm, eager to aid in the progress that they have been entrusted with seeing through. It is a duty to be done and they submit to it joyously. Ah, how I understand their happiness.

I should like to cry my sympathy for the U. S. S. R. in a very loud voice and I should like my cry to be heard, to have importance. I should like to live long enough to see this enormous effort succeed. I wish it success with all my soul and would that I could work for it. To see what a state without religion can yield and a society without compartments. Religion and the family are the two worst enemies of progress. . . .

Catastrophe seems to be almost inevitable. I have come to desire with all my heart the collapse of capitalism and of everything that dwells in its shadow—abuses, injustices, lies, and monstrosities, and I cannot persuade myself that the Soviets must fatally and necessarily strangle everything for which we live. True Communism

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needs to favor individuals of value, to profit from all the values of the individual, and the individual has no cause to oppose what would put everything in its true place and give everything its true value. Is n't this the only way that the state can obtain the best that everybody has to give? . . .

My whole being is simply concentrated on one desire, on one aim. All my thoughts, even the involuntary ones, move in that direction, and, if my life were needed to assure the success of the U. S. S. R., I should give it at once as so many others have done and will do, carrying me along with them.

I write this with a cool head and in all sincerity, feeling a great need to leave at least this testimony, in case death overtakes me before it is possible for me to declare myself better.

II. Gide and Communism

By Z. Lvovsky

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

WE ARE presenting for its informative value an account of the reception that the Soviet press, and the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in particular, have given to what they call the 'conversion' of André Gide to Communism. We do not want to destroy such fine enthusiasm, but the Soviet press is mistaken if it thinks that André Gide is an interpreter of bourgeois virtues and if it imagines that he is now betraying the bourgeoisie for the first time. What the Russians rather inaccurately call French capitalism or French imperialism does not feel in the least threatened by Gide's adhesion to Communism. Moreover, André Gide will never belong to any party but his own.

To read the praise of Gide in the Moscow press one would imagine that he is the only honest man in bourgeois Europe. Newspapers, reviews, and special pamphlets that have been hastily prepared devote articles to Gide charged and supercharged with exaggerated dithyrambics. All the literary associations in Soviet Russia are opening their arms to welcome this repentant bourgeois to their breasts.

The Russian bards, official and semiofficial, are beside themselves with enthusiasm, and it would be quite unfair to regard their excitement as purely artificial. No, there is a real element of sincerity in it. To give a characteristic example of the way André Gide is read and regarded in Soviet Russia, it seems to us a good idea to reproduce part of an article entitled 'André Gide and Capitalism,' signed by Ivan Anissimov, that recently appeared in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* of Moscow. It is not the rather mediocre literary quality of this article that makes us draw attention to it. We pick it out because it is a sample of what is popular now and what is read by an enormous number of people. It illustrates all the peculiarities and deviations of contemporary Russian criticism, showing how things and people are judged beyond the Soviet frontier. We therefore believe that our readers will derive profit from it.

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III. Gide and Capitalism

By Ivan Anissimov

Translated from the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Weekly

THERE is no doubt that André Gide is striking out on a new path, and more than ever it clearly appears to-day that the whole significance, the whole importance of his work reside in those very contradictions of which he has never been able to rid himself. They reside precisely and uniquely in the lack of unity and the lack of integrity that have characterized this writer throughout his whole artistic career. To understand this phenomenon properly we must understand everything about it, which is relatively easy. The general line of Gide's production reflects in the clearest possible fashion the essential traits of capitalism in decay. Therein lies the whole tragic charm of André Gide, which is particularly striking at the present moment, now that this remarkable artist, the last representative of the ancient grandeur of bourgeois civilization, has been led by the invincible force of events to recognize the imminent failure of capitalism and to pass over, though but theoretically, into the ranks of the new men who are building a new world.

André Gide's *Journal*, which is being published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, is a precious document of extraordinary importance that reveals with rare power all the tortuous complications of the inner man. The writer strips himself bare, paying no attention to what the world will think of him. Having scaled in forty years the heights of bourgeois culture, Gide to-day overcomes the extreme skepticism that has been devouring him ever since he was a young man. He has stopped dreaming and has embraced a new faith. The most famous writer in the capitalist world has faith in the socialist-communist progress of humanity. Contemptuous of gossip and scandal, he announces to all who wish to hear that his heart passionately applauds the huge experiment undertaken by the Soviet Union, whose vast programme he already seems to accept enthusiastically. Gide's conversion not only provides striking proof of the progressive decomposition of the capitalist principle but bears extraordinary witness to the rapid development of the revolutionary spirit in bourgeois countries. If recent years have seen a considerable number of devoted, faithful friends rallying to the working class, it is certain that the figure of André Gide stands out in a singularly pathetic fashion.

From the beginning of his literary career, André Gide was a fervent practitioner of bourgeois art. This refined intellectual was tightly bound to the culture of the ruling class. His books never struggled against capitalism, never expressed the least protest against the sacred, consecrated order of things, and this set him apart from the new French school. On the contrary, his activity was visibly allied to the tendencies of the most conspicuous representatives of the imperialist epoch—Proust, Valéry, and other outstanding Frenchmen. But it is also true that, in spite of this spiritual affinity, Gide was always con-

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sidered an uneasy, and even rebellious soul, which made him a solitary and rather extravagant figure. In this sense his refined and often cruel nihilism stood out in contrast to the narcissism of Marcel Proust.

It is a curious thing, applying only to men of very great talent, who are often prophets against their will, since they yield to impulses that they can not master, but the work of André Gide gives a masterly reflection of the repulsive disorder of corrupt capitalism. One often receives the impression that everything he has written is twisted into a grimace and one feels that his books, even in their form, bear the imprint of the sneer that is his most individual characteristic. This peculiarity was too obvious for critics not to notice. But they merely regarded it as a new artistic trick, as a new way of fighting against literary traditions.

However, what we have just called the nihilism of André Gide was really a purely social phenomenon. It is quite just to say that the remarkable value of André Gide resides in the fact that as an artist he reveals the deformities and monstrosities of the capitalist world, which is on the point of death, and the most interesting thing is that he never seems to have intended to criticize capitalism from the point of view of any left-wing party. Although his writings have revealed no trace of revolutionary opposition, the true aspect of capitalism did appear in his work, often against his own will. In *The Counterfeiters* we discover a remarkable passage in which he describes the desire of one of his characters to give forth a pure, clear, authentic note whenever he suffers the slightest external shock because humanity in general gives forth a false note. That is the directing idea, the thread of Ariadne, that runs through all his literary work, especially his *Pastoral Symphony*. Almost involuntarily, André Gide speaks of the falseness, lies, repugnant deformities of the bourgeois world but, allowing him every consideration and granting him our full esteem, we owe it to truth to state that the words and gestures of this robust creator have lacked fighting spirit up to now. Although he blamed the surroundings in which he has lived his compressed, restricted life, he accepted those surroundings without experiencing the slightest desire to rise up against them effectively. Here is the essence of the amazing narrowness and social mediocrity of his work. Here is the tragic side of his artistic personality. Although he has a critical spirit, he always remained an indifferent, insignificant fighter. For his artificial air of aristocracy paralyzed him miserably.

II

Thus we find ourselves confronted by a vigorous artist whose creations were so fatally limited by their background that they never showed the full measure of his talent. This is all the more regrettable when we remember the rare possibilities that he possessed as a creative artist and that never had the chance of development that they deserved. Many aspects of amazing depth and significance, revealing the capitalist world in decay, were dwarfed and even castrated by his nihilistic spirit, by his intellectual Don Juanism. A writer who seemed better able than anyone else to capture the resonance of our time and to recall it with im-

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posing force lingered in the darkness and floundered about in a morass of Bergsonian platitudes. A man who justly felt that he lived in the centre of capitalist culture lacked the force to rise up out of his class, which had been fatally doomed to peril by the course of history. Bourgeois criticism, feeling Gide's unstable spirit, gave him a conventional, not to say, cold reception. It tried to clothe him in classic uniform, although there was nothing classic in his work. It even tried to pass him off as an original type, as a species of talented clown, in order to conceal the bitter truth of his writing. A superficial glance at what has been written about him up to now reveals the mediocrity of European criticism in respect to the social rôle of André Gide and his work.

Nevertheless, the writer's ideas emerge too clearly to allow for any doubt. The universal crisis of capitalism, the approaching collapse of the bourgeois state gave birth in Gide to a growing anxiety concerning the fate of humanity. Backed fatally against the wall, he gradually broke loose from the passive tendencies of his spirit, began to turn in every direction looking for all possible solutions, underwent a violent interior struggle, and followed a long, hard road that finally led him to accept Soviet principles.

Nor do we find anything astonishing in this. The audacity and scope with which Gide described the progressive corruption of the bourgeois world, the ultrapessimistic conclusions to which he came, his absolute conviction of the fate that awaited the younger generation, which had already been mortally wounded—all these things revealed the moral tone of the writer and clearly indicated that André Gide was going to break away from capitalism, that an inevitable, impassable gulf was opening wider and wider between the old bourgeoisie and one of the most remarkable capitalist artists. The books that followed *The Counterfeiters* widened this gulf, revealing the black abyss in which the author was struggling with himself. In his *Voyage to the Congo* and *Chad*, André Gide finally attacked French colonial policy and imperialism and rose up against capitalist slavery. He was already starting out on the new path of political and social growth and definitely turned his back on the intellectual Don Juanism that had made so much trouble for him in the past.

Finally, the summer and autumn of 1932 brought forth the remarkable passages in his *Journal* that mark a date in the history of the bourgeois world. This work, which has no equal in contemporary world literature, states that André Gide has definitely broken the ties that attached him to capitalism and that he recognizes the historic, inevitable triumph of socialism, which will conquer the whole world after it has gained Soviet Russia.

André Gide now takes his place among the best and noblest spirits who have shaken the dust of the bourgeois world from their feet. He is the glory of our epoch and proclaims his final decision to fight ardently and without relaxation for the world revolution and for the integral socialism that alone can save humanity. We have only to read André Gide's *Journal* attentively to understand how forcefully he is abandoning a past to which he will never return.

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BOOKS ABROAD

VOYAGE AU BOUT DE LA NUIT. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Paris: Denoël et Steele. 1932.*

(Elisabeth Janstein in *Das Tage-Buch*, Munich)

THE story of this year's Goncourt Prize winner is much less interesting than the story of the book that did not win the prize. No doubt Guy Mazeline's *Les Loups* deserved an honorable place among the other competitors; it continues the best traditions of the psychological novel. But there was another book that failed to win the prize and received instead, by way of protest, the prize awarded by the journalists known as the Prix Théophraste Renaudot, which has gradually become identified with really valuable work. The book that won that prize this year does not continue an old tradition but begins a new one.

There is nothing in French literature like it, nothing approaching it. Of course, there are other heavy, bitter, fiery books, books filled with poison, explosion, and anathema. But such a wealth of gruesomeness, irony, savage attack, and cynical indifference to every written and unwritten law, such tragic richness cannot be found anywhere else. There are German and American books that approach it, but here for the first time we witness a Latin spirit in shameless, unrestrained revolt.

The title of the book around which so many scandals, large and small, have developed, the book that has been damned, spat upon, advertised, and praised to the skies, the book that has caused a more profound sensation than the work of Zola or Huysmans, is *Voyage au bout de la nuit*. Its hero, Bardamu, is typical of many who dwell under the dark, starless sky of those who have cast their lot with the poor. Bardamu is hurled into the War. He campaigns for a couple of months and suffers with increasing fear and revolt that finally force him to leave the field of battle and have himself placed in an institution for those who are mentally deranged or pretend to be so—for it is not easy to distinguish between these two types.

He is cured, sails to Africa, and devotes himself to a God-forsaken, fever-stricken community in order to supervise the imaginary affairs of the Société Pordurière. He leaves Africa and goes to New York. He looks for work, starves, wanders the streets like a hunted animal, and finally returns to France, where he continues his interrupted medical studies in his spare time and finally becomes a doctor for poor people in the Paris suburbs.

The story in itself tells nothing. In spite of his adventures, the hero is a perfectly ordinary person, an anonymous man who goes through life with a bitter, self-contained heart. But what are all the things he sees and discovers, this soldier, this worker, this doctor for the poor called Bardamu? The world through which he moves is dreary, hateful, vulgar. He wanders through the streets of a wretched suburb that he hates with the burning hatred of genius. He goes into dark, damp, filthy houses and

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bends over wretched bodies that are racked with pain. He is astonished by nothing and nothing repels him. The petty vulgarities seem just as natural to him as the important ones. He cannot see any great difference between whispering about one's neighbor and trying to commit murder. In each of the catastrophes with which he becomes identified he plays a passive rôle and never does more than shrug his shoulders resignedly. Such is life. No reason to get excited about it.

Louis-Ferdinand Céline, who has succeeded in retaining his pseudonym and not revealing his real identity to reporters, emphatically denies that this book is his autobiography. Nevertheless, Louis-Ferdinand Céline did go to war, did have to be treated, went to Africa and New York, became a doctor for the poor in Paris, and still is one to-day. He is a sick man of forty who previously had never written a book or even a newspaper article. *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, which is six hundred pages long, is his first work. The author comes from the people and speaks their language. Here is no conscious naturalism, no coquetting with slang such as we find in Delteil or Carco. Here is a man who writes as he speaks. It is only when he attempts literary periods that he strikes a false note.

'Do you remember,' he asks, 'the names of any of the soldiers killed in the Hundred Years' War? Have you ever tried to discover even one of these names? You have never even looked. They are as unknown and as unimportant to you as the least scrap of paper under this paper weight in front of us or as the daily movement of your bowels. Therefore you see that they died for nothing, Lola, for absolutely nothing at all, those fools. I tell you. It's a fact. Only life counts. Ten thousand years from now I swear to you that this war, remarkable as it may appear to us, will be completely forgotten. Hardly a dozen scholars will wrangle here and there about when it occurred and about the dates of the principal disasters that it witnessed. That is all that men have ever succeeded in finding memorable concerning what happened to other people a few centuries, a few years, and even a few hours ago. I do not believe in the future, Lola.'

That this book appeared without being censored seems miraculous, even in such a broad-minded country as France, and that Céline could have been considered as a serious candidate for the Goncourt Prize—he got three votes, one of them Léon Daudet's—cannot be overestimated. His work contains anarchy of form as well as of thought, and the French are more opposed to anarchy of form than any other nation in the world. When the final choice of the Goncourt Academy had to be made, two of its members who had decided to vote for Céline the day before lacked the courage to go through with it. They thought of the tremendous scandal that their choice would cause and cast no vote. Daudet and Descaves left the room and refused to sit down at the traditional breakfast.

Goncourt Prize or not, the anonymous Céline has become the hero of the hour. People are chasing after him and trying to drag him out of hiding. Armies of photographers and reporters have been sent out after him. Up to now three photographs of Céline have been published, and each

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is of a different person. Probably not one of them is a picture of the real Céline.

THE CONFLICT AFTER THE RECONCILIATION. *By Vincenzo Morello. Milan: Bompiani Press. 1932.*

(From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich)

THE Bompiani Press in Milan has just published a book entitled *The Conflict after the Reconciliation* by the Italian journalist and author, Vincenzo Morello, who is widely known under the pseudonym of 'Rastignac.' This book deals with the question of the relations between State and Church in Italy, which has been so hotly debated since the Lateran Pact of 1929. Morello's study of the subject is divided into an historical and a political part and may be regarded as the most important contribution to the problem of the relations between Italy and the Vatican that has appeared in the last three years. The subject-matter of the book ensures its being read internationally, and because of its rigorously logical conclusions it will doubtless be favorably received, especially in political circles. For the author exposes the weakness of the Italian-Vatican Concordat with bold strokes and a stimulating critical freedom that put all other exegeses of the Lateran Pact in the shade. On the other hand, the fact that this work of Morello's could appear without falling victim to censorship is a sign of the praiseworthy efforts of the Fascist régime to permit freedom of opinion wherever it perceives a creative spirit, even though, as in Morello's case, this spirit does not completely share the Fascist point of view.

Vincenzo Morello begins his study by pointing out that the establishment of peace between Italy and the Vatican has revived problems that were supposed to have been permanently settled. At the time of the Italian *Risorgimento* these problems had a constitutional character, but to-day, under wholly different circumstances, they belong to the domain of education and culture. The author asks what influence these problems will exercise on the moral and intellectual structure of the Italian people in an epoch when all the great states of Europe have stepped out of the 'holy circle.' Does this 'conversion' of Italy represent progress and expansion, or retrogression?

In order to answer this question Morello draws a fundamental distinction between the political power of the Church and its religious mission—two factors that should never have been confused. Lasting peace can prevail between State and Church only if the latter does not extend its power beyond the limits of the individual consciousness, which is its exclusive domain. Morello emphasizes the necessity of keeping the state from working with or being influenced by powers that lie outside its sovereignty. The sovereignty of the State must remain intact and absolute if it is to fulfill the social purposes for which it was created. Every diminution of state authority disturbs the activity and falsifies the aims of the nation.

On the basis of these principles Morello finds that the conflict that has broken out between Italy and the Vatican since the Lateran Treaty has been caused by an ambiguous use of the word 'Catholic.' The Italian

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people may well be Catholic, but the State is not, since it does not possess a confessional character. But according to Morello the famous papal encyclical of July 29, 1931, which represented the peak of the conflict, attempted to prove that the State must adopt ecclesiastical 'truth' as its own and accept theology as the only science, scholasticism as the only philosophy, and the clerical educational method as the only proper one.

But it is impossible for Italy to accede to such demands and renounce its functions as a modern state. Italy is ready to show the Papacy and the Church all due respect within the limits of their religious mission, but it cannot permit the Church to invade the territory of science and national consciousness, in which the State has rights and duties that must not be alienated. Therefore the authority of State and Church must remain completely separate, as Dante prophetically foresaw in his sublime conception of the separation of spiritual and temporal powers.

MORELLO appraises the Lateran Treaty quite differently from the Concordat. The Treaty is the solution of an historic problem, of the 'Roman question.' It is synonymous with the sovereignty of the Church in the new Fascist state and is therefore no longer a subject of discussion. The Concordat, on the other hand, did not solve any problem but simply regulated anew the relations between State and Church in Italy. In its essential features it signifies a return to the year 1000, since for the Catholic world it is a pledge of the subjection of Italy. As in 1000, the Church's sovereignty over the world is to be reëstablished, and the subjection of Italy is simply the beginning. The author of this book therefore regards the Concordat as the greatest historical anachronism of modern times.

'In the conception of the Vatican,' argues Morello, 'the Concordat does not aim to regulate the relations of religion and the Church toward Italy, but it strives to extend the influence of the Church into the family, the school, and the social organization, that is, into domains that are reserved to the State. In the Concordat the institution of marriage falls under canon law, a state of affairs that represents an intolerable limitation of the civil legislation of Italy. In educational matters the Concordat flings open the door to clerical influence, but the State is not permitted any influence at all in ecclesiastical educational institutions. In other words, the Church means everything in Italian schools, and Italy nothing in clerical schools. Moreover, through the Concordat "religious truth" is accepted by the Italian state, which is just as absurd as if Italy were to dictate "theological truth" to the Church.'

The author is convinced that the Concordat is a distinct deviation from the Fascist conception of the State, and hence an irremediable contradiction from which a new conflict must arise sooner or later. He holds the Italian nationalists chiefly responsible for it, because to Cavour's liberal doctrine they opposed its opposite, the unification of Church and State and the rebuilding of the State on the basis of ecclesiastical principles and legislation in keeping with the Concordat. This mistake is all the more unfortunate and grievous since

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open opposition exists between the teaching of Fascism and the Church. Fascism's efforts to regenerate the race, breed a better Italian people, and achieve fame for the nation are a heathen work. The cult of energy and power, the overvaluation of physical force, the proud and challenging attitude toward opponents, and the Nietzschean spirit that Fascism has revived form the strongest conceivable contrast to the educational methods and moral aims of the Church.

These few excerpts from Morello's brilliantly written book indicate his position in regard to the problem of the relations between Italy and the Vatican. His is the attitude of an Italian who thinks realistically and who wishes to keep alive the great tradition of the *Risorgimento*. He therefore unexpectedly writes a mighty defense of Mussolini's speeches during the 1931 conflict with the Vatican, although he certainly cannot be considered an orthodox Fascist.

Morello sees the 'reconciliation' as a danger, since a new conflict has necessarily arisen from it, and since for him this conflict signifies nothing less than a struggle between Fascism and the Catholic Action for mastery in Italy. The compromise that brought the conflict to a close does not deceive him. He foresees that the Concordat will have to be changed. He calls upon the great spirit of Cavour to assure the continuance of the *Risorgimento* tradition, and he defends Mussolini's polemic attacks during last year's conflict, which found their final expression in Il Duce's promise: 'The flag of the *Risorgimento* shall not be struck.'

Morello would like the Church to recover, not the political, but the purely spiritual position of its ancient tradition, so that its boundaries might remain clear: 'This venerable institution of stone and dogma that bears the name of the Roman Church must remain as it has been for centuries and as our mortal eyes now see it—indestructible in its rigidity, implacable toward a world that presses forward and does not understand it, hallowed in its pride and in its solitude. . . .'

DE VRIENDT KEHRT HEIM. *By Arnold Zweig. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1932.*

(Walter Tritsch in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

DE VRIENDT, Dutch poet, mystic, interpreter of Mosaic law, and dogmatist of ancient Jewish ritual, lives in a state of tremendous tension between the I and the All. He fights a vain battle against the contemporary expression of this tension, that is to say, against the Zionists in Palestine, who want to create an evanescent little nation out of an eternal world principle.

This struggle between spirit and politics, between belief in an idea and belief in the power of a race, turns into chaos. It is crossed and overwhelmed by many other struggles and interests that intrude on every occasion and use it for their own ends. Wild Arabic nationalism lies in ambush. The newspapers need sensationalism. England's colonial ambitions require guarantees and allies. Private affections, friendships, and commitments intrude. Vice and revenge come into play. Youth associations, persecution societies, blind rage complicate every situation. Official rivalry and

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the activities of the Secret Service complete the chaos, and over De Vriendt's dead body the horrible scenes of the Palestine pogrom of 1929 flare up, blind and futile. His gravestone juts out into a new time. New struggles, new hopes, new crusades call for new decisions.

Arnold Zweig's book depicts an eternal conflict, the conflict between the modern world of the I and the modern world of the We. This compels him to abandon many devices of the novelist. He does not indulge in the dynamic use of symbolic representation nor, even more important, does he attempt to attain that unity of plot or characterization or biography or setting which was the hall-mark of the bourgeois or psychological novel. Many episodes, emotions, and characters, many symbols, destinies, scenes, and happenings are crisscrossed and confused. What remains is simultaneous representation, a constant process of shifting the narrative from one gear into another, quite regardless of will and meaning. What also remains is a bit of chaos that has a unique appearance, taste, and flavor—the country of Palestine in the summer of 1929.

The chief of the English Secret Service in Jerusalem finally found the murderer of his friend, De Vriendt, by the Dead Sea and let him go. Spies finally got their hands on the manuscript of De Vriendt's poems and, by revealing certain indiscretions in his private life, vilified and destroyed the reputation of this pious man. A little Arab boy, brought up and educated by De Vriendt, who loved children, eulogized the 'father of the book' and zealously promoted the work of reconciliation between Arabs and Jews. A temperamental, romantic, sunburned young beauty returned to her husband after only a trivial amount of unfaithfulness. Finally, the rain of salvation poured down. New currents flowed into the land. In Jaffa, Jehud, Jezreel, and Tiberias oranges bloomed again and new pioneers kept planting new trees and making new irrigation works in the ancient, holy, dry earth. In short, life never dragged in this marvelous country.

Anyone who tries to get Arnold Zweig's real meaning or the real purpose of his story from this brief attempt to evoke the numerous threads that are woven together will probably miss the point of his extraordinary creation. The conflict between national and religious Zionism merely serves as a setting for numerous events. But the aspect and flavor of this spiritual, earthly, political, and religious background reflect the eternal possibilities of the tension between the We and the I and the All.

ERWIN BAELZ, DAS LEBEN EINES DEUTSCHEN ARZTES IM ERWACHENDEN JAPAN. *By Erwin Baelz. Stuttgart: T. Engelhorns Nachf. 1932. 16 marks.*

(Professor E. Lederer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

ERWIN BAELZ, the Life of a German Physician in Awakening Japan contains, besides a general introduction and a small amount of connecting text by the editor, Toku Baelz, the diaries and letters in which the well-known doctor and scientist, Professor Erwin Baelz, has preserved the deepest impressions of his more than twenty-five years in Japan and his comments on international affairs. They merit careful reading. For this

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experienced traveler and gifted scientist, who was known for his exceptional delicacy both as a diagnostician and as an attendant physician, had an impartial eye, sharpened by his rich knowledge of the world, for the historical and psychological background of Japan's astonishing development. Thus the problems of this land and the political significance of Japan's rise stand out more sharply in these short comments than they do in most books on the subject, many of which cling to externals or try to reduce everything to a single formula.

Baelz came to Japan at an especially interesting time. As a young assistant physician in one of the leading German clinics, where he was enjoying the best academic opportunities, he was appointed to a professorship at the Imperial University of Tokyo, which had only been founded a few years before. He took over this post in 1876, at the age of twenty-seven. Even the letters that he wrote during his first weeks in Japan show his completely realistic attitude and his strong interest in politics. They also show his knowledge of the meaning of history and of customs that have grown up during the course of generations, and his knowledge of the process of cultural growth and the possibilities of change and intellectual transformation. He soon felt the force of the intellectual revolution more strongly than the Japanese themselves (only a few years had elapsed since the opening of the country) and he perceived the contradiction involved in the radical turning away from Japanese history and culture that was then still being thoughtlessly sponsored by the leading classes. With astonishment he recorded the declaration of the Japanese: 'We have no history; our history is just beginning.' Others said, when he asked them about Japan's past: 'Oh, it was all so barbarous.' But after a few years a change set in. Things European lost their charm, and the Japanese became more sensitive to their own past and their own nature. It is interesting to note that from the beginning of his stay in Japan the German physician urged the Japanese to maintain their old customs, especially the old Japanese sports, and that, moreover, his efforts were not without result. He also had an eye to the peculiarities of Japanese dietetics and to practices contrary to European 'physiology.'

Wider interest will attach, however, to the political perspective with which he viewed the relations between Japan and Germany and the sharpness of the criticism that he only too rightly directed against German policy and the attitude of German ministers and ambassadors. For it was actually true that most of Germany's pre-war representatives in Japan cherished a deep dislike for the country and were glad to assume an aggressive attitude. Once when a change occurred in the Embassy, the new chargé d'affaires expressed himself to the effect that 'no Japanese could have so much as a cup of tea at his house.' This 'politician' obviously did not recognize what Baelz saw clearly—that on account of Kiaochow Germany must place the greatest value on good relations with Japan, indeed, that Germany could remain in Tsingtao only so long as Japan was willing to permit it. His pronouncement that 'in Kiaochow Germany was working only for Japan' was prophetic.

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He considered Germany's world position to be seriously threatened by her wavering policy. He could not understand a political 'line' that attached itself strongly to Russia but repelled England and also Japan. More than once he deprecated the Kaiser's capriciousness: 'Not only in his clothes but in his views he is a lightning-change artist on the boards of the world variety show.' Few observers were as well qualified as Baelz to note the effect of the Kaiser's attitude abroad, from his insulting references to the 'yellow race' to his boundless admiration for the Japanese after their success in the Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese people, with their great political gifts, did not forget any of these dramatic changes, which, together with German policy and the attitude of German representatives, led to that hatred of Germany from which Baelz suffered so much, although he was never an object of personal attack.

But even toward the Japanese Baelz maintained an objective, incorruptible, and penetrating attitude. In well-chosen moments he did not fail to tell them the truth by pointing out that both in the formation of their own destiny and in their bearing toward Europe they were acting in a foolhardy manner, without regard for history or the bounds of possibility. The same was true in respect to European science. At a farewell dinner he said that European science was the result of a slow, organic development extending over thousands of years and reaching back into antiquity. In Japan people had misunderstood the task of European scholars and considered them as 'scientific fruit vendors,' while they really should be, and tried to be, the gardeners of science. The Japanese wished to receive only the newest results, instead of studying the spirit out of which these results grew. These observations are still applicable to-day to many modern Japanese scientists, who believe that they can conquer European science with American speed.

Baelz's diaries and letters mirror an important phase of Japanese development—the rise to world power that enlisted all the forces of the nation. In 1908 Baelz left Japan, so that he did not live there either during the War or afterward, when the country was shaken by severe political and intellectual convulsions, as well as by the economic crisis. Much of what Baelz feared has unfortunately come to pass. Japan is to-day embroiled in the most dangerous adventures, which may still bring about the country's doom. While Japan is occupying this critical, threatening position, this unpretentious book of Baelz's is an exceedingly valuable source of information concerning the deeper forces that have gone to form the Japan of to-day, and concerning the great dangers in which it has become involved.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Gentleman into Marx

THE SON of the late editor of the London *Spectator* has written the best book in English on international affairs since John Maynard Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Combining the manner of Oxford with the method of Marx, *The Coming Struggle for Power* by John Strachey (New York: Covici, Friede. 1933. $3.00) succeeds, where Sir Arthur Salter's *Recovery* failed, in formulating an interpretation of the conditions that now exist. It is not that young Mr. Strachey has an original contribution to make: he takes over the definitions, logic, and conclusions of Marx, Lenin, and the Third International. But just as Howard Scott incorporated the theories of Thorstein Veblen, Frederick Soddy, and Fred Henderson in the doctrines of Technocracy, so Mr. Strachey has given new power to another body of established theory. Only the last fifty-eight pages of his 396-page book are devoted to a plea for Communism; all the rest of his attention goes to a history of British capitalism, an analysis of modern imperialism, and a discussion of England's immediate political future. And so ably does he present his case that one is prepared to swallow whatever conclusion he may choose to offer.

Nor is it mere chance that Communism happens to be his final recommendation. Only a reader totally unfamiliar with Marxist criticism could fail to see where Mr. Strachey is going, but only Mr. Strachey could force such a reader to follow the Marxist direction to the end of the road. In short, it has remained for a son of J. St. Loe Strachey, friend of royalty, to discover and exploit the element of snobbery that is latent in the philosophy of class struggle, class consciousness, bourgeois destruction, and proletraian dictatorship. More than one bourgeois American critic who attacked the proletarian Dreiser a year ago for preaching Communism in *Tragic America* has now praised the aristocratic Strachey for coming to the identical conclusion in *The Coming Struggle for Power*.

We are not, however, so vulgar as to recommend Mr. Strachey for his snob appeal alone. What makes his book important is that an Englishman with his inherited traditions and acquired convictions can attain a uniquely valuable perspective on international affairs. According to Mr. Strachey the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution had but one purpose—to establish the 'free market' that reached its height in nineteenth-century free-trade England but that is now being destroyed by monopolies and trusts. The state, by protecting the monopolist, encourages nationalism and war while Keynes, Salter, Wells, and Shaw exhort and prophesy in vain. Stanley Baldwin, not Ramsay MacDonald, is depicted as the power behind the British throne, and the Labor Party and the Second International are annihilated in accordance with the best traditions of the Oxford Union. The editor of a review that has dutifully recorded the inanities of various international humbugs is therefore convinced that readers of that review will enjoy Mr. Strachey's destructive passages as much as he did.

It may seem insidious for such an old friend of the family as THE LIVING AGE, which is now tottering toward its ninetieth birthday, to indorse a Communist tract, but we do so with a single reservation. Mr. Strachey's Communism is an international—not a national—movement; the organization promoting it is known as the Third International. Hence any American who is swept off his feet by *The Coming Struggle for Power* may fall

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into the same error that the admirers of Sir Arthur Salter's *Recovery* made last year when they urged the United States to seek salvation abroad. For both books are written expressly for Englishmen, whose problems are chiefly international by reason of their country's geographical position, population, and industrial and geological resources. America's problems, on the other hand, are domestic and for precisely the same reasons. It is not, therefore, Mr. Strachey's Communism that we should look out for but his internationalism, an older and far more dangerous contamination that involved us in one World War and may plunge us into another.

Perhaps this warning is unnecessary, because Mr. Strachey's old-fashioned patriotism sometimes gets the better of his newfangled Communism. Commenting on the obstacles in the way of a British Communist revolution, Mr. Strachey says:—

'This is not in any way to reflect on the intelligence and courage of British workers, which will, we may be confident, in the end prove second to none.' Later, sketching a picture of a Communist Britain, he says: 'To-morrow, the British workers will find continuous employment, at the occupations at which they have unrivaled skill, in coöperating with the former subject peoples of all the capitalist empires, in the development of their own industries.'

All who are convinced by his interpretation of the past or enchanted by his picture of the future should listen closely for the echo of his father's voice, which speaks again in such telltale passages. St. Loe Strachey preached Anglo-American friendship; John advocates Communism. To veil a practical purpose behind a high ideal is one of the oldest of British customs. John Strachey insists, as his father did before him, that England yet shall stand. He merely clothes his insistence with the morality of Marx instead of the morality of Cecil Rhodes.

Guitry's 'Chosen Pages'

Ever since Anatole France started the practice, French writers have shown a predilection for bringing out literary scrapbooks, made up mostly of notes and observations. One or more paragraphs, then a row of asterisks and off again on an entirely new trend. The latest exponent of this method is the modest Sacha Guitry, who has just brought out an anthology that he calls *Pages Choisies*. It opens with this humble statement: 'My name was already made; I have made myself a first name.' A blank space follows—so much for that, there will be no discussion. A black squiggle in the shape of a trefoil in the centre of the page warns us to pause and allow this highly concentrated mouthful to digest in preparation for the next bit of *smörgasbord* we are offered: 'To know all one knows, to be ignorant of all one does n't know, and to live a whole day without accomplishing anything—what stupidity, what a crime!'

At this point most hungry customers at M. Guitry's philosophical quick-lunch counter are ready to fold their napkins and slide off their stools, unwilling to exercise their jaws on such warmed-over fare when they can get the real article in such pungent shape from any of the established chefs. But at just this point Sacha pops up from behind the counter and calls out to their retreating backs: 'Wait a minute, wait a minute. Those dishes were all a mistake. Can't you take a joke? Come back and try this *soufflé*, it's delicious. And my fritters and my curry. They're all done to a turn.'

Before the customer has finished he radiates well-being. He is enchanted with the establishment, except when he catches Sacha surreptitiously slipping a plate of sophistry stew in front of him or some lukewarm soup *à la* La Rochefoucauld which is virtually nothing but water. 'I guess La Rochefoucauld flew over that soup, did n't he?' he remarks as he asks for his check. But Sacha takes it all with

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good humor, for he is sure the client will be back to-morrow for more *patisserie*.

It is only fair to say that Guitry does not often hold forth on Life, Love, and Art with capital letters. When he does it is very, very bad, but he is forgiven as soon as he returns within the limits of the delightful imagination that made smash hits out of his lightest theatrical sketches. Even without Sacha's long nose or the comic genius of his father or the large-mouthed charm of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, the spirit, the fine wit is still there on paper just as it was on the stage. Here is Gallic talent at its most characteristic. Like the filament of an incandescent bulb, it becomes brighter the finer it is spun.

The scenes and dialogues he selects from his plays contain the essence of his dramatic gift. No one could ever call him a dramatist but he is a master of the 'wise crack' that springs from wisdom, the kind of wisdom about life that enables a certain type of Frenchman apparently to enjoy almost everything that comes his way. The book is a sort of vaudeville show in print. If the skits and the song and dance acts are occasionally interlarded with some rather painfully sentimental numbers, we are constantly reminded that Guitry has his tongue in his cheek.

In his sonorous ode on the inauguration of a new radio station he enlarges on his emotion before his 'numberless, invisible, diverse' audience: 'Perhaps a Rumanian, hearing me, says, "Yes, that's Spanish," while a Spaniard murmurs, "That must be a Rumanian announcing the results of a county fair."'

In the love scene with which the collection ends, the hero's wish might refer to the book as well as to the love affair: 'Like happy people, our love must have no history. If a playwright should some day have the morbid idea of writing a play about us, the critics must be able to say, "It's not a play, nothing happens."' Anyone who does not expect anything to happen will be able to pass many pleasant quarter hours with these *Chosen Pages*.

Freud on Bolshevism

BECAUSE Sigmund Freud has revealed certain unconscious motives that animate the individual just as Karl Marx discovered similar unsuspected motives in society as a whole, the work of the two men has often been compared and sociologists have regretted that Freud did not devote himself to their field. But Freud's latest book, *Neue Folge der Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psychoanalyse*, contains the following analysis of Bolshevism, which helps to fill the gap:—

'As incorporated in Russian Bolshevism, theoretic Marxism has achieved the energy, determination, and single-mindedness of a world philosophy, but it has also developed a strange similarity to the very thing that it is attacking. Originally a form of science and built upon an extension of science and technique, it has nevertheless prohibited free thought just as relentlessly as religion once did. Critical study of Marx's theory is forbidden. Doubt of its accuracy is persecuted just as the Catholic Church used to persecute heresy. The works of Marx have become a source of revelation and hold a position corresponding to that of the Bible and the Koran, although they are no less free from contradictions and obscurities than these older religious books.

'Although practical Marxism has relentlessly rejected all idealistic systems and delusions, it has encouraged illusions of its own that are no less dubious and incapable of proof than more ancient illusions. It hopes in the course of a few generations to alter human nature to such an extent that men will live together in the new social order almost without friction and will work without compunction. Meanwhile, it is shifting into other channels the instinctual restrictions that are inevitable in any form of society and it is turning outward the aggressive tendencies that threaten the existence of every human society. Practical Marxism is based on the hostility of the poor to the rich, of

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the previously powerless to the previous controllers of power. But such a transformation of human nature is very difficult. The enthusiasm with which the masses follow the stimulation of Bolshevism while the new order is still immature and threatened from abroad does not promise security for the time when the new order is completely established and no longer in danger. Like religion, Bolshevism must recompense its believers for their tribulations and sufferings in this life by promising them a better future in which all needs will be satisfied. This paradise shall be here in this world and shall come to pass in the not distant future. But remember that the Jewish religion is not concerned with a future life but promises the arrival of the Messiah here on earth, and that mediæval Christians also believed that the kingdom of God was at hand.

'There is no doubt what answer Bolshevism would make to these reproaches. It would say that as the nature of man has not yet been transformed one must use the methods that are effective to-day. The use of compulsion in education, the prohibition of free thought, and the application of force even up to the point of bloodshed cannot be dispensed with, and, if illusions were not aroused in people, they could not be brought to accept this compulsion. Bolshevism might also politely inquire what other methods we had to suggest, whereupon we should find ourselves in a difficult situation. I should have no advice to give. I should have to admit that the requirements of this experiment had kept me and people like me from undertaking it, but we are not the only people on whom it depends. There are also men of action who are firm in their convictions, untouched by doubts, and insensitive to the sufferings of those who stand in the way of their ambitions, and it is such men who are making the tremendous attempt to establish a new order in Russia.

'At a time when the great nations are proclaiming that they expect salvation only by remaining true to Christian piety, the upheaval in Russia, in spite of all its unpleasant details, stands out as the promise of a better future. Nevertheless, neither our own doubt nor the fanatical belief of others gives us any idea of how the experiment is going to turn out. That remains to be seen, and the future may perhaps prove that the attempt was undertaken too soon, that a far-reaching transformation of the social order has but slight chance of success as long as the new discoveries that give us control over the forces of nature have not advanced further.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Technocracy as Revolution

THE British press, always quick to pounce upon symptoms of instability in America, has decided that the Technocracy movement indicates that the United States is ready for revolution. The *Week-end Review*, one of the most consistently bearish critics of America, concludes a leading editorial entitled 'An American Revolution?' as follows:—

One of the most surprising things about contemporary America is the patience with which a nation in process of growing roots, with an army of unemployed as large as the entire force of insured workpeople in the United Kingdom, has borne the plunge from fabulous prosperity to hunger. Unlike England, America has no national machinery for dealing with unemployment, no tradition of stolidity and trust in leaders, no inclination or tradition for consoling itself for material squalor by falling back on nonmaterial resources. Of the great figures of the United States of 1929 some have committed suicide, retired, or taken sanctuary behind the considerate extradition laws of such a land as Greece; others have learned the gift of silence. Because the spell of prosperity was so great in America, the succeeding disillusionment is correspondingly intense. President Hoover was unlucky in being the only one of the boom leaders on whom the American people had to express their considered opinion, but if those who chose business or economics rather than politics had to go through the same ordeal they would emerge from it quite as bedraggled as he.

Here is what Communists enjoy describing as a revolutionary situation. But what sort of a revolution can America expect? Not a Communist or a Socialist *Putsch*, to judge by every indication so far. Nor, in a nation so uninterested in politics, is a Fascist type of movement probable. Therefore, now that the 'American system' which President Hoover and his friends admired has been decisively rejected, and no militant political movement has arisen, the chances of Technocracy must not be underrated. That it is radical enough and mechanistic enough to appeal to American slump psychology is already clear. In its indictment of the money system and of those who manage it, the new creed appeals to a powerful force in the United States. In its promise of a bigger and better prosperity for all, its contempt for vested interests, and its appeal to the ideas of large-scale planning, it is so skillfully put across as to raise doubts whether Howard Scott is really as much of the pure engineer and as little of the politician as is suggested. Coming during the interregnum, while the amenable Mr. Roosevelt is maturing his programme, it may have a decisive influence on America; and America, undoubtedly, is the only capitalist country where such an experiment can definitely be carried out regardless of the rest of the world. In the process of carrying it out, Technocracy would inevitably be forced to approximate to the type of large-scale planning that has often been urged in this review, and the development of such planning in the world as a whole stands to gain greatly from any victories that the Technocrats may win. Even if Technocracy is a compound of fallacies, even if it is doomed never to be tested in practice, it is a portent which cannot safely be ignored, and had therefore better be studied with intelligence.

The more radical *New Statesman and Nation* emphasizes the resem-

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blance between Technocracy and socialism:—

> The root question, of course, is whether what the Technocrats desire can be done by a simple change in the monetary system, or whether it involves the destruction of capitalism altogether. On this issue Technocracy is obscure. Its leaders claim to supersede capitalism, socialism, and communism alike; but by what? Surely socialism and communism are attempts, based largely on the same diagnosis as that of Technocracy, to set free the imprisoned productive power of mankind. If Technocracy is an alternative, it must either offer more than a new standard of value or show *how* its new standard will perform the required miracle.
>
> In this country, at any rate, Technocracy is more likely to be received by socialists as a reinforcement of their own familiar arguments, restated from a new angle, than as a rival doctrine—that is, unless it develops much further on the constructive side. But the people of America are probably not at present open to socialist arguments; and for them Technocracy should at least serve as a valuable eye-opener to the absurdities of the existing system. There are in all developed countries many thousands of technicians acutely conscious of the absurd disparity between the actual achievements and the immediate potentialities of industrialism, and yet skeptical of socialism or communism as a remedy because they distrust the many-headed mob. Some of these will find in Technocracy a gospel after their hearts; but they will also be likely to discover before long that the technician has no hope of getting freedom to make the most of the industrial machine unless he allies himself with forces strong enough to enforce the required political and economic changes in society. Technocracy cannot eschew politics and yet achieve its ends. But for the moment its advocates are out to arouse interest and attention rather than to act. So they can afford to postpone the further question of how they are to get their way.

F. Yeats-Brown, writing from America to the London *Spectator*, refuses to dismiss Technocracy as a mere successor to mah-jong:—

> Everyone was talking about Mr. Howard Scott and his 'Energy Survey of North America' when I was in the Middle West of the United States. In New York, however, I found people tired of the subject. We discussed instead beer and debts and the coming of the Oxford Group. But I do not think that Technocracy will go the way of mah-jong or yo-yo. It may vanish as a topic of conversation at dinner parties, but it will remain as a considerable political influence.

Mr. Yeats-Brown takes the claims of Technocracy seriously, even in respect to their 'energy certificates':—

> Can any dickering with currency alter this state of affairs? 'Technocracy, oh, yeah?' was the comment of a wise friend. Yet Professor Soddy has been telling us ever since 1926 that 'there is something very funny about our modern monetary systems.' We may be on the eve of big changes. Mr. Scott may be a lever that will set men's minds to work constructively on these difficult problems, or he may be only a monkey wrench dropped into the delicate cogs of capitalism. I don't know. I don't think he is enunciating any new truths, but I believe he is inducing people to think about them in a new way.

The German press has been just as quick as the English to recognize the revolutionary implications of Technocracy. An article in the radical *Tage-Buch* of Munich defines the quintessence of Technocracy as follows:—

> We live in a fossilized and impotent economic system. According to Howard

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Scott, it is now technically possible for every American to be provided with all the goods one can think of by requiring everybody between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five to work four hours a day. The only reason that these possibilities are not realized is because, instead of having a complete technical plan, the present economic system labors in confusion from day to day, because it does not represent unified coördination of the available productive forces but competition between productive forces that are being clumsily exploited.

To the European, who has been brought up in the atmosphere of socialism, this is much less astonishing than it is to the American, to whom the problem of capitalism versus socialism still seems foreign. It all boils down to nothing more or less than the fundamental conception of socialism, which is not, as naïve people believe, concerned with deploring and attempting to stamp out inequality, but which wishes to replace planless competition with coöperative work organically integrated. From such a system the European anticipates tremendous increased productivity, a tremendously enlarged supply of goods, and hence a tremendous increase in well-being. In principle the Technocrats have nothing new to say, but because they argue and analyze from the point of view of technique they have given us an overwhelming mass of new material showing the extent to which organization and planning can provide us with the things we need. Without knowing it themselves, the Technocrats are supplying the theoretic body of socialist doctrine with practical figures, figures showing what is now possible in a country where technique is highly developed.

They show, to be specific, what a Five-Year Plan could accomplish, not in Russia, where everything must be built from the ground up, but in the United States of America, where all the foundations are already laid. Technologists have drawn up an inventory of the available energy the country possesses and have then tried to reckon exactly how these sources of energy can be channeled into the production of three thousand different kinds of commodities and how this production would have to be carried on.

The results they arrive at are fantastic, and the Technocrats are certainly correct when they say that we are not only crazy not to make use of the possibilities that exist, but that the present contradiction between technical development and economic organization presages catastrophe. They say nothing different from what Karl Marx and the historical materialists said—that human history is a constant race between advancing technical production and an economic organization that limps impotently behind. The only difference is that the Technocrats advocate a different practical solution of this difficulty from that which is now being attempted for the first time in Russia. In this respect, they seem to have some very confusing suggestions to offer. Money is to be replaced by energy certificates. Also, the authors of this new system believe that the United States of America is the only country that is technically equipped to put their system into effect. They do not even consider the possibilities of a united Europe, and they want to surround their own country with a kind of tariff wall.

But these are clearly mere economic shortcomings in an attempt to realize a tremendous technical conception. The important part of the whole teaching consists of the theory that the world in its present state of development needs only to be led out of its anarchistic economic system into a planned economy in order to realize an unexpectedly high standard of living for everybody, and this theory has now been incorporated in the form of technical estimates. It is easy to understand how fascinating these perspectives are, and people are certainly going to have a great deal more to say about them.

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Tributes to Coolidge

MOST of the obituary editorials written abroad on the death of Calvin Coolidge damned him with faint, if any, praise. Only Wickham Steed, writing in the London *Sunday Times*, had a friendly word that was all the more convincing because it was prefaced by an account of a conversation he had with Mr. Coolidge on November 2, 1927. Mr. Steed was visiting the United States at the time to make several addresses on the subject of world peace, and Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington, arranged for a talk with the President in the White House. The week after Mr. Coolidge died Mr. Steed revealed for the first time what they had said to each other:—

Almost before the Ambassador and I were seated in the famous Oval Room at the White House, he began: 'I have read what you said at Philadelphia. Will you please explain more fully?'

When I had 'explained' Mr. Coolidge asked: 'Would it be helpful if I made a speech?'

'Nothing could be more helpful, Mr. President.'

'Or sent a message to Congress?'

'That would be better still.'

'Would a message to Congress bind the people of this country?'

'The Monroe Doctrine did not bind the people of this country when it was laid down, nearly a century ago, but it binds them to-day. Like Topsy, it grew.'

'We have now no time to let things grow. You give me an American constitutional means of binding our people to observe this peace doctrine and I will proclaim it.'

'That is *your* business, Mr. President; I am not an authority on the American Constitution.'

'No doubt. But I want an American constitutional way out,' Mr. Coolidge insisted. And then, abruptly changing the subject, he exclaimed: 'I am bitterly disappointed at the breakdown of the Geneva Conference. Now we shall have to make large naval appropriations.'

'Partly by your fault, Mr. President.'

'How my fault?'

'You entrusted the Conference to naval experts, whose nature it is to disagree. You made no political preparation. It was political preparation that enabled the Washington Conference to succeed in large measure six years ago.'

'I did tell Kellogg he ought to go. He said that if he went to Geneva Briand and Chamberlain would have to go too. The world would expect miracles, whereas it was only a matter of a few old cruisers anyway. Perhaps he was wrong, perhaps he was right. Now we shall have to build.'

'The Ambassador,' I remarked, 'though physically present at this conversation, is officially absent from it. So I tell you that you can build a hundred thousand cruisers if you like, and we shall not compete with you, for conflict with America does not enter into our calculations.'

'Are you sure of that?'

'Quite sure, Mr. President.'

'Then we can go slow. Appropriations are not the same thing as building. I tell you I want to see things in such shape that the people of the United States will look upon every British cruiser as an addition to their security, that the British people will look upon every American cruiser as an addition to *their* security, and that, both of us looking upon cruisers in this way, we can afford to have as few of them as possible.'

At a subsequent meeting when the two men were alone together Mr. Coolidge expressed himself forcibly on the subject of France.

To my suggestion that M. Briand's proposal (made in June 1927) for a bilat-

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eral Franco-American treaty in renunciation of war might be a good beginning, the President replied fiercely: 'I will not have it. I will not have it with France or any individual country. I trust Briand, and have some faith in Poincaré. But who can promise me that, if I make this treaty with them, a nationalist, militarist French Government won't go and do some damfool thing ten years hence, which we ought to stop, and do it all the more because France would have nothing to fear from us? Would n't it be better if every country were quite uncertain whether or not America would be against it if it broke the peace?'

'Sir Edward Grey, now Lord Grey of Fallodon, could best answer you,' I replied. 'He could not tell Vienna and Berlin in July 1914 that England would be against them if they broke the peace; and people have since—unjustly—accused him of having brought on the War by leaving Germany and Austria in doubt about British intervention.'

'That sounds conclusive,' said the President. 'But we must find a constitutional way out.'

Here is Mr. Steed's final judgment on Mr. Coolidge's career:—

All in all, this shrewd and cautious 'Vermont Yankee,' whose taciturnity was proverbial, could bear comparison in loftiness of aim and firmness of character with any responsible statesman I have ever met. His true ambition was to use his term of office as a means of doing something big for the peace of the world. At the 'Summer White House' in Wisconsin, shortly before the Briand-Kellogg Pact was signed, he declared that if the 'revolutionary policy' which the United States was propounding were followed up and developed it would prove to be an inestimable boon to mankind.

This was his firm belief; and whatever fate subsequent failure to follow up and develop this policy may reserve for the Multilateral Treaty in Renunciation of War, I think that, in years to come, the 'verdict of history' will assign to Calvin Coolidge a high place among the great presidents of the North American Republic.

In the light of Mr. Coolidge's suspicions of the French, it is not surprising to find Georges Lechartier of the *Journal des Débats* giving expression to these sentiments:—

One can scarcely believe that Calvin Coolidge will be remembered as one of the great presidents of the United States. Coming from a well-to-do farming family —which won him the title of 'farmer's son' from the voting farmers of the Middle West—he began his career as a lawyer. Cold of manner, severe of aspect, chary of words, Mr. Coolidge long enjoyed the prestige and authority peculiar to the type of politician who studies a case before passing judgment, who spends more time in observing than in making promises, and who acts more readily than he talks. But his prestige began to decline under the continued impact of great and even small events.

Holding the most important governmental position during times of prosperity, he had two major problems on his hands. Within the country he had the agricultural crisis—already severe—to deal with, and abroad the question of war debts and foreign relations in general. As regards the first problem, he held to a strict principle—namely, that groups, like individuals, should be able to help themselves and should not count on the favor and subsidies of the state. Having forgotten that the state itself, by its encouragement and worthless promises, had prepared the nation for the depression, he did nothing to help the situation, which is the same thing as saying that he did everything to cause the depression.

In respect to foreign policies and debts, he had the power that arose from his prestige during the boom to make the

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American people understand the necessity of doing away with the nightmare of war debts. He might have foreseen the danger to the United States of letting the buying power of the best American clients of industry and commerce diminish bit by bit. President of a country that enjoyed the most astonishing prosperity in history, he will be remembered chiefly as one of the men most responsible for the economic bankruptcy of the modern world.

Paul Scheffer, former American correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, paid the most thoughtful tribute that we saw anywhere. Under the simple title, 'A Character,' he wrote as follows:—

Many clever people felt themselves superior to Calvin Coolidge. But really intelligent people never made that mistake. Inside and out Coolidge stood for simplicity, amounting to modesty. He was rather shy and not given to pretentious utterances. He was as home-cooked as an old piece of gingerbread, at least he looked that way. But he was really not at all primitive and did not even appear modest if one looked him in the eye for a second. He was greatly feared because he could sum up his opinion on any subject in a few words and then adhere to it relentlessly. Europe still remembers the sentence with which Coolidge summed up the debt question: 'They hired the money, did n't they?' No other advocate of repayment could add anything to that statement.

The dry little man with the finely arched nose of an aristocrat and the small Puritanical mouth and the sour smile was not 'born' to be president. How, then, could he have been so popular? It must have been useful to have had such a stable vice president to counteract such a weak, uncontrollable, though imposing-looking man as the unfortunate Harding, at whose death Coolidge replaced him as the first figure in the land. Thus a paradoxical character entered the White House during America's greatest period of economic splendor. Coolidge shunned any kind of luxury. He hated formality and ceremony. His few years in office were the happiest and richest in the country's history. The heaven of prosperity seemed to have come to stay. And Coolidge was President. He would not have been out of place when the squatters were settling the West. But in the 'New Era'!

It has often been debated whether Coolidge declined to stand for reëlection, which he would certainly have gained, because he almost alone foresaw that his next period in office would have witnessed the destruction of all the splendor that had arisen during the term he had already served. It is certain that he at least had his suspicions. His philosophy of life did not allow him to believe in eternal happiness. But he also felt that many people wanted a splendid, representative man to symbolize the richest and mightiest country, a man like its own skyscrapers. Herbert Hoover was this man when he entered office, but it soon became clear that the shrewd, philosophical Coolidge would have been more suited to a period of adversity and that Hoover would have done better in Coolidge's time.

From 1931 until July 1932 Coolidge wrote a daily column for a newspaper syndicate discussing politics and things in general. 'Commonplaces!' all the superclever people exclaimed. But they were the most sensible of all the thousands of things that might have been said and in most cases they were the only sensible things that were said at all. Anyone who wants to understand that period of American self-criticism will get more out of Coolidge's columns than anything else. They brought out ever new truths about the fundamentals of American life in the clearest and simplest language, and they are important to the world at large.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

some differences between Veblen's theories and those of Scott and criticizes Technocracy for lacking the definite revolutionary programme that Veblen had outlined in *The Engineers and the Price System*. Whereas the foreign press has emphasized the revolutionary implications of Technocracy—see 'Technocracy as Revolution' in our 'As Others See Us' department—Mr. Ardzrooni concludes that it is not revolutionary enough. His article marks the end of Technocracy as a fad and gives any technocrats who want action something to shoot at.

THE excerpts from the diaries kept by a group of Russian workers during a visit to Germany and Italy are also classic in their way. The dialectical process described by Karl Marx whereby everything creates its opposite seems to have been working overtime, for the rising generation in the Soviet Union is now animated by precisely the same Rover Boy spirit that formerly flourished in individualistic America. The contempt that these hearty proletarians express for decadent Europe is of a piece with our own Babbitt's pre-depression buoyancy and their spirit is so fresh that we have entitled their adventures 'Young Russia Tours Europe' even though their ages vary. How depressing it must be for some of our native radicals who have been driven into the arms of Moscow by their hatred of the Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., and the strenuous life to find the virtues they abhorred at home flourishing in their spiritual fatherland.

NEITHER Thomas Mann nor Gerhart Hauptmann needs any introduction. They stand head and shoulders above any other living German writers, and Ludwig Lewisohn, who was born in Germany, rates Thomas Mann as the greatest literary artist now living.

WE translated last May Jules Romains's preface to his epic novel, *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, the third and fourth volumes of which have just been published in Paris. René Lalou goes so far as to call him a modern Tolstoi, but we should be more inclined to compare him with Proust. Whether or not *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* will rank beside *À la Recherche du temps perdu* remains to be seen, but it is certainly the most ambitious literary task that any Frenchman has undertaken in ten years.

ANDRÉ GIDE has now followed Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Romain Rolland, and Henri Barbusse and declared his adherence to Communism. We print his confession of faith, then a brief note by a contributor to the *Nouvelles Littéraires* of Paris, and finally the salutation of a critic on the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* of Moscow.

LLOYD GEORGE'S reflections on his seventieth birthday took the form of an interview with a representative of the *Daily Herald*. The shrewdest statesman in England makes it quite clear that he does not believe in his country's present policies, nationally or internationally. His natural optimism refuses to subside, but his intelligence tells him that the rumors of an immediate return of prosperity are all poppycock.

WRITING from Stockholm for the *Prager Tagblatt*, Maria Lazar reports that nobody in Sweden believes that Ivar Kreuger is dead, and she repeats the fantastic rumors that are circulating about him. So many people were so completely fooled by Kreuger in his lifetime that there is a temptation to doubt even his death, but there is a stronger temptation to believe that the gossips who insist that he is alive resemble the mediæval Germans who insisted that Frederick Barbarossa would some day emerge from a cavern and save them.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE intelligentzia thinks only of its own welfare, and its indifference encourages the criminal activities of the politicians. The League of Nations has long ceased to have any ethical or legislative significance. In this critical hour there is no place for illusory hopes, and what is really needed is cool-headed and vigorous determination. This is especially necessary for the reason that a vicious group wishes to solve its private difficulties by plunging the world in war.—*Stefan Zweig, Austrian author.*

It would appear to me from the standpoint of the progress of true human culture as a great and fatal step backward if universal military service should again be introduced in Germany.

Universal military service means the training of youth in a warlike spirit; it means thus the impossibility of a moral disarmament of the people. Would it not be in the interests of all, also, if France should decide for herself to introduce a professional army instead of a drafted army? Then it would be possible to do away with universal military service through international agreement.—*Albert Einstein.*

All this flapdoodle talk and expenditure on peace is only leading to Armageddon. A strong England with a mighty navy is the only thing to save civilization, and any foreigner will confirm this view.—*W. E. R. Martin, Paymaster Rear Admiral, British Fascist.*

Whether Hitler succeeds in maintaining power or whether he very soon falls from grace, the mere fact of his being able to force his way to the direction of the German Government in the present circumstances marks an important crossroads in peace diplomacy and indicates a need for the greatest vigilance and prudence as regards the limitation or reduction of armaments.—*'Le Temps,' Paris Semi-official Daily.*

We are brothers. Let us not shed one more drop of blood. Let the Americans come here and work, but not as the owners of the country. I salute the American people.—*General Sandino.*

Peru is faithful to its traditions of peace, though our international policy supporting these traditions has brought us only losses of territory. Despite these losses I am no skeptic regarding the usefulness of international law. —*Colonel L. M. Sanchez Cerro, President of Peru.*

Judging from the signal progress achieved by America in her trade with China and also from the fact that the United States and Japan have already demonstrated the practicability of their economic coöperation, I am of the opinion that, of all Western nations, America will derive the greatest benefit from the economic regeneration of Manchuria.—*Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Minister to the United States.*

Manchuria ranks second to none in its possession of natural resources. It has long been our economic policy to form a firm bloc with the district. From the viewpoint of economic control I believe it advisable for our manufacturing industry to utilize Manchurian coal and iron rather than to stick to unproductive home mines. All the jobless thus created can be sent to mines in Manchuria. Cotton yarn and piece goods may for some time be unable to find brisk business there, but the imports from Shanghai will be completely checked in the near future and our goods will then literally monopolize the market.—*Meijiro Miyajima, President of the Nissin Cotton Spinning Co.*

China is determined to resist Japanese aggression with the hope and conviction that justice will finally prevail unless world peace perishes beneath Japan's iron heel.—*Nanking Foreign Office.*

Morally, the rights lie on the Chinese side. —*Sir Frederick Whyte, former British adviser to China.*

We shall continue to maintain neutrality in the Far East, but we also see the necessity of remaining vigilant. Our industrial successes increase our forces every day.—*Vyacheslav Molotov, President of the Council of People's Commissars.*

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